Accessions
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THE MARTYR'D Souldier:

As it was ſundry times Acted with a generall applauſe at the Private houſe in Drury lane, and at other publicke Theaters.

By the Queenes Majeſties ſervants.

The Author H. SHIRLEY Gent.

LONDON:
Printed by *I. Okes*, and are to be ſold by *Francis Egleſfield* at his houſe in *Pauls* Church-yard at the ſigne of the Mary-gold. 1638.

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To the right worshipfull Sir Kenelme Digby, *Knight.*

SIR,

WOrkes of this Nature, may fitly be compared to small and narrow *rivolets*, that at first derive themselves to greater *Rivers*, and afterwards are discharged into the maine *Ocean*: So Poesie rising from *obscure* and almost unminded beginnings, hath often advanced it *Selfe*, even to the thrones of *Princes*: witnesse that ever-living *Worke* of renowned *Virgil*, so

much admired and favoured by magnificent *Augustus*: Nor can I much wonder that great men, and those of Excellent parts, have so often preferred *Poesie*, it being indeed, the sweetest and best *speaker* of all Noble Actions.

Nor were they wont in ancient times to preferre those their *Workes* to them they best knew, but vnto some Person highly endued with Vallour, Learning, and such other Graces, as render one man farre more Excellent then many others. And this, I hope, may excuse my boldnesse, in this Dedication, being so much a stranger to your Worships knowledge, onely presuming upon your Noble temper, ever apt to cherish well-affected studies. Likewise, this peice seemeth to have

a more speciall kind of relation to your *Selfe*, more then to many others, it being an Exact and *perfect patterne* of a truly Noble and Warlick Christian.

When it first appeared upon the *Stage*, it went off with Applause and favour, and my hope is, it may yeild your Worship, as much content, as my *selfe* can wish, who *ever* rest to be commaunded by your worship,

In all duty and observance,

To the Courteous Reader.

TO make too large an explanation of this following Poem, were but to beguile thy appetite, and somewhat dull thy expectation; but the worke it selfe being now an Orphant, and wanting him to protect that first begot it, it were an iniury to his memory to passe him unspoken of: For the man, his Muse was much Courted, but no common mistresse; and though but seldome seene abroad, yet ever much admired *at: This worke not the meanest of his labours has much adorned not only one, but many Stages, with such a generall applause;*

plauſe; as it hath drawne even the Rigid Stoickes of the Time, who though not for pleaſure, yet for profit, have gathered ſomething out of his plentifull Vineyard. My hopes are, it wil prove no leſſe pleaſing to the Reader, *then it has formerly beene to the* Spectators; *and ſo prooving, I have my aime and full deſire, fare-well.*

The

The Actors Names.

Genzerick, King of the *Vandals*.
Anthonie,
Damianus, } 3. Noble men.
Cosmo.
Hubert, A brave commander.
Henerick, the Prince.
Bellizarius, the Generall.
Eugenius, a Christian Bishop.
Epidaurus, a Lord.
2. Physitians.
2. Pagans.
2. Camell-driver.
2. Camell-driver.
Victoria, Wife to *Bellizarius*.
Bellina, his Daughter.
A Souldier.
2. Angels.
2. Christians tongueleſſe.
Clowne.
Conſtable.
3. Watchmen.
3. Huntſmen.
3. Other Camell-drivers.
Officers and Souldiers.

The

The Martyr'd Souldier.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter Genzerick *King of the* Vandalls, *ſicke on his Bed*, Anthony, Damianus, Coſmo, *and Lords.*

King.

AWay, leave off your golden Flatteries,
I know I cannot live; there's one lies here
Brings me the newes, my glories & my greatnes
Are come to nothing.

Anth. Be not your ſelfe the Bell
To tolle you to the Grave; and the good Fates,
For ought we ſee, may winde upon your bottome
A thred of excellent length.

Coſm. We hope the gods have not ſuch rugged hands
To ſnatch yee from us.

King. Coſmo, Damianus, and *Anthony*; you upon whom
The *Vandall* State doth leane, for my back's too weake;
I tell you once agen, that ſurly Monarch,
Who treads on all Kings throats, hath ſent to me
His proud Embaſſadours: I have given them Audience
Here in our Chamber Royall; nor could that move me
To meete Death face to face, were my great worke

Once perfected in *Affrick* by my sonne,
I meane that generall sacrifice of Christians,
Whose blood would wash the Temples of our gods,
And win them bow downe their immortall eyes
Vpon our offerings: yet I talke not idly,
Yet *Anthonie* I may; for sleepe I thinke
Is gone out of my Kingdome, it is else fled
To th' poore; for sleepe oft takes the harder bed,
And leaves the downy pillow of a King.

Cosm. Try Sir if Musick can procure your rest.

King. *Cosmo*, 'tis sinne to spend a thing so precious
On him that cannot weare it: No, no, no Musick;
But if you needs will charme my o're-watcht eyes,
Now growne too monstrous for their lids to close:
If you so long to fill these Musick-roomes
With ravishing sounds indeed, unclaspe that booke,
Turne o're that Monument of Martyrdomes:
Read there how *Genzerick* h'as serv'd the gods,
And made their Altars drunke with Christians blood:
Whil'st their loath'd bodies, flung in funerall piles,
Like Incense burnt in Pyramids of fire,
And when their flesh and bones were all consum'd,
Their ashes up in Whirle-winds flew i'th Ayre,
To show that of foure Elements, not one had care.
Of them, dead or alive; Read *Authony*.

Auth. 'Tis swelld to a faire Volume.

King. Would I liv'd to adde a second part too't, read, & listen,
No *Vandall* ere writ such a Chronicle.

Anth. Five hundred broyl'd to death in Oyle and Lead,
Seven hundred flead alive, their Carkasses
Throwne to King *Genzericks* hounds.

King. Ha, ha, brave Hunting.

Auth. Vpon the great day of *Apollo's* Feast,
The fourth Moneth of your Reigne.

King. On, give me more,
Let me dye fat with laughing.

Anth. Thirty faire Mothers big with Christian brats,

Vpon

Vpon a ſcaffold in the Palace plac'd,
Had firſt their dugges ſear'd off, their wombes ript up,
About their miſcreant heads their firſt borne Sonnes
Toſt as a Sacrifice to *Jupiter*
On his great day, and the Ninth Month of *Genzerick*.
King. A Play, a Comicall Stage our Palace was:
Any more, oh let me ſurfeit.
Anth. Foure hundred virgins raviſht.
King. Chriſtian Whores; common, 'tis common.
Anth. And then their trembling bodies toſt on the Pikes
Of thoſe that ſpoyl'd 'em, ſacrific'd to *Pallas*. (heads.
King. More, more, hang Mayden-heads, Chriſtian Maiden-
Anth. This leafe is full of tortur'd Chriſtians.
Some pauncht, ſome ſtarv'd, ſome eyes and braines bor'd out,
Some whipt to death, ſome torne by Lyons.
King. *Damianus*, I cannot live to heare my ſervice out,
Such haſte the gods make to reward me.
Omnes. Looke to the King. *Shouts within: Enter*
King. What ſhouts are theſe? ſee *Coſmo*. Hubert.
Coſ. Good newes my Lord; here comes *Hubert* from the
Hub. Long life and health: wait ever on the King. (warrs.
King. *Hubert*, thy wiſhes are come ſhort of both:
Haſt thou good newes? be briefe then, and ſpeake quickly,
I muſt elſe heare thee in another World.
Hub. In briefe then know, *Henrick* your valiant ſonne,
With *Bellizarius* and my ſelfe, come laden
With ſpoiles to lay them at your feet:
What lives the Sword ſpar'd, ſerve to grace your Tryumph,
Till from your lips they have the doome of death.
King. What are they?
Hub. Chriſtians, and their Chiefe a Church-man:
Eugenius, Biſhop of *Carthage*, and with him
Seven hundred Captives more, all Chriſtians.
King. Hold Death, let me alittle taſte theſe joyes,
Then take me raviſht hence: glad mine eyes *Hubert*
With the victorious Boy.
Hub. Your Starre comes ſhining. *Exit* Hubert

King. Lift me a little higher, yet more:
Doe the Immortall Powers powre blessings downe,
And shall I not returne them?
Omnes. See they come.

A Flourish: Enter Henricke *the Prince*, Bellizarius, Hubert, *leading* Eugenius *in Chaines, with other Prisoners, and Souldiers.*

King. I have now liv'd my full time;
Tell me my *Henricke* thy brave successe,
That my departing soule
May with the story blesse another world,
And purchase me a passage.
Hen. Oh great Sir,
All we have done dyes here, if that you dye;
And heaven, before too prodigall to us,
Shedding beames over-glorious on our heads,
Is now full of Eclipses.
King. No boy, thy presence
Has fetcht life home to heare thee.
Hen. Then, Royall Father, thus;
Before our Troopes had reacht the *Affrick* bounds,
Wearied with tedious Marches, and those dangers
Which waite on glorious Warre: the *Affricans*
A farre had heard our Thunder, whilst their earth
Did feele an earth-quake in the peoples feares,
Before our Drummes came neare them: yet spight of terrour
They fortifi'd their Townes, cloathed all their fields
With warres best bravery, armed Souldiers:
At this we made a stand; for their bold troopes
Affronted us with steele; dar'd us to come on,
And nobly fierd our resolution.
King. So hasten; there's in me a battaile too,
Be quicke, or I shall fall.
Hen. Fore-fend it heaven.
Now *Bellizarius* come; here stand; just here,

And

And on him I beſeech you fixe your eye;
For you have much to pay to this brave man.
Hub. Nothing to me?
Hen. Ile give you him in wonder.
Hub. Hang him out in a painted cloth for a monſter.
Bel. My Lord, wrong not your ſelfe to throw on me
The honours which are all yours.
Hub. Is he the Divell? All.
Bel. Caſt not your eyes on me Sir, but on him,
And ſeale this to your ſoule, never had King
A Sonne, that did to his Crowne more honours bring.
Hen. Stay *Bllezarius*, I'me too true to honour,
To ſcant it in the blazing: though to thee
All that report can render leaves thee yet.
Hub. A brave man, you are ſo too, you both fought,
And I ſtood idle?
Hen. No Sir.
Hub. Here's your battaile then, and here's your conqueſt;
What need ſuch a coyle?
Bel. Yet *Hubert* it craves more Arethmaticke,
Than in one figure to be found.
King. *Hubert*, thou art too buſie.
Hub. So was I in the battaile.
King. Prethee peace.
Hen. The Almarado was on poynt to ſound,
But then a Herald from their Tents flew forth,
Being ſent to queſtion us for what we came,
And which, I muſt confeſſe, being all on fire,
We cryed for warre and death: Backe rode the Herald
As lightning had perſu'd him: but the Captaines
Thinking us tir'd with marching, did conceive
Reſt would make difficult, what eaſie now
Quicke charge might drive us too:
So, like a ſtorme, beating upon a wood of luſty Pines,
Which though they ſhake, they keepe their footing faſt;
Our Pikes their horſes ſtood: hot was the day,
In which, whole fields of men were ſwept away;

As by sharpe Sithes are cut the golden corne,
And in as short time : it was this mans sword
Hew'd wayes to danger ; and when danger met him,
He charm'd it thence, and when it grew agen,
He drove it backe agen : till at the length
It lost the field ; foure long houres this did hold,
In which more worke was done than can be told.

Bel. But let me tell your Father how the first feather,
That Victory her selfe pluckt from her wings,
Shee stucke it in your Burgonet.

Hub. Brave still.

Hen. No *Bellizarius*, thou canst guild thy honours
Horne from the reeking breasts of *Affricans*,
When I aloft stood wondering at those Acts
Thy sword writ in the battaile, which were such,
Would make a man a souldier but to read 'em.

Hub. And what to read mine ; is my booke clasp't up ?

Bel. No, it lyes open, where in Texed letters read
Each Pioner, that your unseason'd valour
Had thrice ingag'd our fortunes and our men
Beyond recovery, had not this arme redeem'd you.

Hub. Yours ?

Bel. For which your life was lost, for doing more
Than from the Generals mouth you had command.

Hub. You fill my praise with froth ; as Tapsters fill
Their cut-throat Cans ; where give me but my due,
I did as much as you, or you, or any.

Bel. Any ?

Hub. Yes, none excepted.

Bel. The Prince was there.

Hub. And I was there, since you draw one another,
I will turne Painter too, and draw my selfe :
Was it not I, that when the maine Battalia
Totter'd, and foure great squadrons put to rout,
Then reliev'd them ; and with this arme, this sword,
And this affronting brow put them to flight,
Chac'd 'em, slew thousands, tooke some few, and drag'd 'em

As

As slaves, tyed to my saddle bow with Halters.
Hen. Yes Sir, 'tis true, but as he sayes your fury
Left all our maine Battalia welnigh lost:
For had the foe but re-inforc't againe,
Our Courages had beene seiz'd, any Ambuskado
Cut you, and your rash troopes off; if---
Hub. What if?
Envy not honour still inferres these ifs:
It thriv'd and I returnd with victory.
Bel. You?
Hub. I *Bellizarius*, I, I found your troopes
Reeling and pale, and ready to turne Cowards,
But you not in the head; when I (brave sir)
Charg'd in the Reere, and shooke their battaile so,
The Fever never left them till they fell;
I puld the Wings up, drew the rascals on,
Clapt 'em, and cry'd follow, follow: this is the hand
First toucht the Gates, this foote first tooke the City,
This Christian Church-man snacht I from the Altar,
And fir'd the Temple: 'twas this sword was sheath'd
In panting bosomes, both of young and old,
Fathers, sonnes, mothers, virgins, wives, and widowes,
Like death I havocke cryed, so long, till I
Had left no monuments of life or buildings,
But these poore ruins; what these brave Spirits did
Was like to this, I must confesse 'tis true,
But not beyond it.
King. You have done nobly all:
Nor let the Generall thinke I foyle his worth,
In that I raise this forward youth so neare
Those honours he deserves from *Genzericke*,
For he may live to serve my *Henrick* thus,
And growing vertue must not want reward:
You both allow these deedes he so much boasts of?
Hen. Yes, but not equall to the Generals.
King. The spoyles they equally shall both divide;
The Generall chuse, 'tis his prerogative:

Bellizarius be Vicegerent over all
Thoſe conquerd parts of *Affrick* we call ours:
Hubert the Maſter of my *Henricks* Horſe,
And Preſident of what the *Goths* poſſeſſe:
Let this our laſt will ſtand.
Bel. We are richly paid.
Hub. Who earnes it muſt have wages.
King. Ile ſee you imbrac'd too.
Hub. With all my heart.
King. And *Bellizarius*
Make him thy Scholler.
Hub. His Scholler!
King. There's ſtuffe in him,
Which temper'd well, would make him a noble fellow.
Now for theſe Priſoners, 'tis my beſt ſacrifice
My pious zeale can tender to the gods:
I cenſure thus; let all be naked ſtript,
Then to the midſt of the vaſt Wilderneſſe
That ſtands 'twixt us and wealthy *Perſia*
They ſhall be driven, and there wildly venture
As Famine, or the fury of the Beaſts
Conſpires to uſe them: which is that Biſhop?
Hub. Stand forth; this is *Eugenius*.
Eug. I ſtand forth,
Daring all tortures, kiſſing Racks and Wheeles,
And Flames, to whom I offer up this body.
You keepe us from our Crownes of Martyrdomes
By this delaying; diſpatch us hence.
King. Not yet Sir;
Away with them, ſtay him, and if our gods
Can win this Chriſtian Champion now ſo ſtout
To fight upon their ſides; give him reward,
Our gods will reach him praiſe.
Eug. Your gods, wretched ſoules.
King. My worke is done, and *Henrick* as, thou lov'ſt
Thy Fathers ſoule, ſee every thing perform'd;
This laſt injunction tyes thee, ſo farwell:

Let

Let those I hated, in thy hate still dwell,
I meane the Christians. *Dyes.*
Hen. Oh what a deale of greatnesse is
Struck downe at one blow!
Hub. Give me a battell,
'Tis brave being struck downe there.
Anth. Henrick my Lord,
And now my Soveraigne; I am by office bound
To offer to your Royall hands this Crowne,
Which on my knees I tender, all being ready
To set it on your head.
Omnes. Ascend your Throne:
Long live the King of *Vandals*
And of *Goths*, the mighty *Henrick*.
Hen. What must now be done?
Anth. By me each Officer of State resignes
The Patten that he holds his office by,
To be dispos'd as best shall please your Grace.
Hen. And I returne them back to all their trusts.
I rise in clouds, my Morning is begun
From the eternall set of a bright Sunne. *Exeunt.*

Drumme, flourish: Enter Victoria *and* Bellina *with servants.*

Vic. My Lord return'd, prepare a costly banquet
To gratulate his safe and wisht Arrivall:
Let Musick with her sweet-tongu'd Rhetorick
Take out those horrours which the loud clamours
Of Warres harsh harmony hath long besieg'd
His tender sences with: your Father's come *Bellina*.
Bel. I feele the joy of it with you sweet Mother,
And am as ready to receive a blessing from him,
As you his chaste imbraces.
Vic. So, so, best irre,
Let all our loves and duties be exprest
In our most diligent and active care. *Enter* Bellizarius.

Here comes my comfort-bringer,
My *Bellizarius*.
Bel. Dearest *Victoria*,
My second joy, take thou a Fathers blessing.
Vic. Not wounded Sir I hope?
Bel. No *Victoria*;
Those were Rewards that we bestow'd on others:
We gave, but tooke none backe; had we not you
At home to heare our noble Victories,
Our Fame should want her Crowne, although she flew
As high as yonder Axle-tree above,
And spred in latitude throughout the world.
We have subdu'd those men of strange beleefe
Which Christians call themselves; a race of people,
This must I speake of them; as resolute
And full of courage in their bleeding falls,
As should they tryumph for a Victory:
When the last groanes of many thousand mett,
And like commixed Whirlewindes fill'd our eares:
As it from us rais'd not a dust of pitty,
So did it give no terrour to the rest,
That did but live to see their fellows dye.
In all our rigours and afflicting tortures,
We cannot say that we the men subdu'd,
Because their joy was louder than our conquest,
And still more worke of blood we must expect,
Like *Hydra's* Heads, by cutting off they double,
As seed that multiplies, such are their dead,
Next Moone a sheafe of Christians in ones stead.
Vic. This is a bloody Trade my *Bellizarius*,
Would thou wouldst give it over.
Bel. 'Tis worke *Victoria* that must be done,
These are the battailes of our blessing,
Pleasing gods and goddesses, who for our service
Render us these Conquests.
Our selves and our affaires we may neglect,
But not our Deities, which these Christians prophane,

Deride,

Deride, and scoffe at; would new Lawes
Bring in, and a new god make.

Vic. No my Lord;
I have heard say, they never make their gods,
But they serve 'em they say, that did make them:
All made-gods they dispise.

Bel. Tush, tush *Victoria*, let not thy pitty
Turne to passions, they'le not deserve thy sorrow.
How now, what's the newes?

Enter a Souldier.

Sold. Strange my Lord, beyond a wonder;
For 'tis miraculous: Since you forsooke
The bloody fight, and horrour of the Christians,
One tortur'd wretch, whose sight was quite extinct,
His eyes no farther seeing than his hands,
Is now by that *Eugenius*, whom they call
Their holy Bishop, cleerely restor'd againe,
To the astonishment of all your Army,
Who faintly now recoyle with feare and terrour,
Not daring to offend so great a power.

Bel. Ha? 'tis strange thou tell'st me.

Vic. Oh take heed my Lord,
It is no warring against heavenly Powers,
Who can command their Conquest when they please:
They can forbeare the Gyants that throw stones,
And smile upon their follies; but when they frowne,
Their angers fall downe perpendicular,
And strike their weake Opposer into nothing;
The Thunder tells us so.

Bel. Pray leave me all, I shall have company
When you are gone, enough to fill the roome.

Vic. The holiest powers
Give thee their best direction. *Exeunt. Manet* Bellizarius.

Bel. What power is that can fortifie a man
To joy in death, since all that we expect,
Is but fruition of the joyes of life.
If Christians hoped not to become immortall,

Why ſhould they ſeeke for death?
Oh then inſtruct me ſome Divine power,
Thou that canſt give the ſight unto the blind,
Open my blind judgement, *Thunder.*
That I may ſee a way to happineſſe. *Enter an Angel.*
Ha, this is a dreadfull anſwer; this may chide
The relapſe in my blood, that 'gins to faint,
The further perſecution of theſe people:
Or ſhall I backe, and double tyranny? *Thunder.*
A louder threatning; oh mould theſe voyces
Into articulate words, that I may know
Thy meaning better: ſhall I quench the flames
Of blood and vengeance, and my ſelfe become
A penetrable Chriſtian, my life lay downe
Amongſt their ſufferings? *Muſicke.*
Ha, theſe are ſweet tunes.

Ang. Bellizarius?

Bel. It names me too.

Ang. Sheath up thy cruelty; no more purſue
In bloody forrage theſe oppreſſed Chriſtians;
For now the Thunder will take their part,
Remaine in peace, and Muſick is thy banquet;
Or thy ſelfe number 'mongſt their martyring groanes,
And thou art numbred with theſe bleſſed ones.

Bel. What heavenly voyce is this? ſhall my eares onely
Be left with raptures, not mine eyes enjoy
The ſight of that Celeſtiall preſence
From whence theſe ſweete ſounds come?

Ang. Yes, thou ſhalt ſee: Nay then 'tis loſt agen. *Bel. kneeles.*
Riſe, this is enough: be conſtant Souldier,
Thy heart's a Chriſtian; to death perſever,
And then enjoy the ſight of Angels ever. *Exit.*

Bel. Oh let me flye into that happy place:
Prepare your tortures now, you ſcourge of Chriſtians,
For *Bellizarius* the Chriſtians torturer,
Centuple all that ever I have done,
Kindle the fire, and hacke at once with ſwords,

Teare

Teare me by piece-meales, ſtrangle, and extend
My every limbe and joynt; nay, deviſe more
Than ever did my bloody Tyrannies:
Oh let me ever loſe the ſight of men,
That I may ſee an Angell once agen.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Hubert *and* Damiauns.

Hub. For look you *Damianus*, though *Henricke*, now King,
Did in the battaile well, and *Bellizarius* enough for
A Generall, did not I tell 'em home?

Dam. I heard it.

Hub. They ſhall not make bone-fires of their owne glories,
And ſet up for me a poore waxe Candle:
To ſhew mine I am full of gold now;
What ſhall I doe with it *Damianus?*

Dam. What doe Marriners after boone voyages?
But let all flye:
And what Souldiers, when warres are done?
But fatten peace.

Hub. Poxe of Peace, ſhe has churles enough to fatten her:
Ile make me a Shamoyes Doublet, embroydered
All over with flowers of gold: in theſe dayes
A woman will not looke upon a man
If he be not brave: over my Doublet a
Soldado Caſſacke of Scarlet, larded thicke with
Gold Lace, Hoſe of the ſame Cloake of the ſame too,
Laſht up this high, and richly lined:
There was a Lady before I went, was working
With her needle a Scarffe for mee,
But the Wagtaile has left her neſt.

Dam. No matter, there's enough ſuch birds every where.

Hub. Yes, women are as common as glasses in Tavernes,
And often drunke in, and more often crackt;
I shall grow lazy if I fight not:
I would faine play with halfe a dozen Fencers;
But it should be at sharpe.

Dam. And they are all for foyles.

Hub. Foyl'd let 'em be then.

Dam. You had fencing enough in the field, and for women,
The Christians field your markets.

Hub. Yes, and those markets were our Shambles, flesh enough,
It made me weary of it: Since I came home
I have beene wondrous troubled in my sleepes,
And often heard to sigh in dead of night,
As if my heart would cracke; you talke of Christians,
Ile tell you a strange thing; a kinde of melting in
My soule, as 'twere before some heavenly fire,
When in their deaths (whom they themselves call Martyrs)
It was all rocky: nothing they say can soften
A Diamond but Goates blood, they perhaps were Lambes,
In whose blood I was softned.

Dam. Pray tell how.

Hub. I will: after some three houres being in *Carthage*,
I rusht into a Temple, Starr'd all with lights;
Which with my drawne sword, rifling in a roome,
Hung full of Pictures, drawne so full of sweetnesse,
They struck a reverence in mee; found I a woman,
A Lady all in white; the very Candles
Took brightnesse from her eyes, and those cleare Pearles,
Which in aboundance falling on her cheekes,
Gave them a lovely bravery; at my rough entrance
She shriek'd, and kneel'd, and holding up a paire
Of Ivory finger'd hands, begg'd that I would not
(Though I did kill) dishonour her, and told me
Shee would pray for me: never did Christian
So neare come to my heart-strings; I let my Sword
Fall from me, stood astonisht, and not onely
Sav'd her my selfe, but guarded her from others.

Dam.

Dam. Done like a Souldier.

Hub. Blood is not ever
The wholsom'ſt Wine to drinke; doubtleſſe theſe Chriſtians
Serve ſome ſtrange Maſter, and it needes muſt bee
A wonderfull ſweete wages which he paies them:
And though men murmour, get they once here footing,
Then downe goes our Religion, downe our Altars,
And ſtrange things be ſet up—I cannot tell,
We held ſo pure, finde wayes enough to hell:
Fall out what can, I care not, Ile to *Bellizarius*.

Dam. Will you? pray carry to him my beſt wiſhes.

Hub. I can carry any thing but Blowes, Coles, my Drink, and that clapper of the Divell, the tongue of a Scould: Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh: Enter the King, Antony, Coſmo, *all about the King, and* Bellizarius.

King. They ſwarme like Bees about us: inſomuch
Our People cannot ſacrifice, nor give Incenſe,
But with interruptions, they ſtill are buzzing thus,
Saying, Their Gods delight not in vaine ſhowes,
But intellectuall thoughts, pure and unſtain'd:
Therefore reduce them from their hereſies,
Or build our Priſon walls with Chriſtians bones.
What thinkes our *Bellizarius?* he that was wont
To be more ſwift to execute, than we to command:
Why ſits not *Bellizarius?*

Bel. I dare not.

King. Protect me *Iove*,
Who dare gaine ſay it?

Bel. I muſt not.

King. Say we command it.

Bel. Truth is, I neither can, nor will.

Omn. Hee's mad.

Bel. Yes I am mad,
To ſee ſuch Wolviſh Tyrants, as you are,

Pretend

Pretend a Iuſtice, and condemne the juſt:
Oh you white ſoules that hover in the aire,
Who through my blindneſſe were made deaths prey;
Be but appeas'd, you ſpotleſſe Innocents,
Till with my blood I have made a true attonement,
And through thoſe tortures, by this braine devis'd,
In which you periſh't, I may fall as you,
To ſatisfie your yet freſh bleeding memories,
And meete you in that garden, where content
Dwels onely; I that in blood did glory,
Will now ſpend blood to heighten out your ſtory.

Anton. Why *Bellizarius*——:

Bel. Hinder me not,
I'me in a happy progreſſe, would not change my gueſt,
Nor be deterr'd by Moles and Wormes that cannot ſee,
Such as you are: alas I pitty you.

Dam. The King's in preſence.

Bel. I talke of one that's altitude's 'bove him,
That owes all Principalities: he is no King
That keepes not his decrees; nor am I bound
In duty to obey him in unjuſt acts.

King. All leave the roome. *Exeunt Lords.*

Omnes. We obey your highneſſe.

King. Sir, nay ſir good *Bellizarius.*

Bel. In that I doe obey.

Kin. Doe you make ſcruple then of our command?

Bel. Yes Sir, where the act's unjuſt and impure.

King. Why then are we a King, if not obey'd?

Bel. You are plac'd on earth, but as a Subſtitute
To a Diviner being, as ſubjects are to you,
And are ſo long a King to be obey'd,
As you are juſt.

King. Good *Bellizarius*, wherein doe I digreſſe?
Have not I made thee great? given thee authority
To ſcourge thoſe miſ-beleevers, thoſe wild Locuſts,
That thus infect our Empire with their Sciſmes?
The World is full of *Bellizarius* deedes:

Succeeding

Succeeding times will Canonize thy Acts,
When they shall read what great ones thou hast done
In honour of us, and our sacred gods,
For which next unto *love* they gave a Laurell
To *Bellizarius*; whose studious braine
Fram'd all these wracks and tortures for these Christians.
Hast thou not all our Treasure in thy power?
Who but your selfe commands as *Bellizarius*?
Then whence my *Bellizarius* comes this change?

Bel. Poore King, I sorrow for thy weakned sence,
Wishing thy eye-sight cleare, that Eagle-like,
As I doe now, thou might'st gaze on the Sunne,
The Sunne of brightnesse, Sunne of peace, of plenty:
Made you me great? in that you made me miserable,
Thy selfe more wretched farre, in that thy hand
The Engine was to make me persecute
Those Christian soules, whom I have sent to death;
For which I ever, ever shall lament.

King. Ha? what's this, within there?

Bel. Nay, heare me *Henrick*, and when thou hast heard me out,
With *Bellizarius*, thinke that thou art blest,
If that with me thou canst participate.

King. Thou art mad.

Bel. No; 'tis thou art mad,
And with thy frenzie makes this Kingdome frantick.
Forgive me thou great Power, in whom I trust,
Forgive me World, and blot out all my deeds
From those black Kalends: else, when I lye dead,
My Name will ever lie in obliquie.
Is it a Sinne that can make great men good?
Is prophanation turn'd to sanctity?
Vices to Vertues? if such disorder stand,
Then *Bellizarius* Acts may be held just:
Otherwise nothing.

King. Some Furie hath possest my *Bellizarius*
That thus he railes: Oh my deerest,
Call on great *Iupiter*.

Bel. Alas poore Idoll,
On him! on him that is not, unlesse made:
Had I your *Iove*, I'de tosse him in the Ayre,
Or sacrifice him to his fellow-gods,
And see what he could doe to save himselfe.
You call him Thunderer, shaker of *Olympus*,
The onely and deare Father of all gods:
When silly *Iove* is shooke with every winde,
A fingers touch can hurle him from his Throne:
Is this a thing to be ador'd, or pray'd too?

King. My love turnes now to rage: Attendance there,

Enter all the Lords.

And helpe to binde this mad man, that's possest:
By the powers that we adore, thou dyest.

Bel. Here me thou ignorant King, you dull-braind Lords,
Oh heare me for your owne sakes, for your soules sake,
Had you as many gods as you have dayes,
As once the *Assyrians* had, yet have yee nothing:
Such service as they gave, such you may give,
And have reward, as had the blinde *Molossians*.
A Toad one day they worship: one of them drunke
A health with's god, and poyson'd so himselfe:
Therefore with me, looke up, and as regenerate soules—

Dam. Can you suffer this?
This his affront will fearce up the devotion
Of all your people, he that persecuted,
Become a convertite!

Bel. 'Tis joy above my joy: oh had you seene,
What these eyes saw, you would not then
Dissuade me from it; nor will I leave that power
By whom I finde such infinite contentments.

Hen. Epidophorus, your care: see't done.

Epi. It shall my Lord.

Hen. Then by the gods,
And all the powers the *Vandals* doe adore,
Thou hast not beene more terrible to the world,
Than to thy selfe I now will make thee.

Bel.

Bel. I, dare thy worst; I have a Christians armour
To protect me.
You cannot act so much as I can suffer.
Hen. Ile try your patience.

Enter Epido. *two Christians and officers.*

Epi. 'Tis done my Lord as you directed.
Hen. They are come:
Make signes you'le yet deny your Christianity, *They make*
And kneele with us to sacred *Iupiter*: *signes.*
No; make them then a Sacrifice to *Iupiter*,
For all the wrongs by *Bellizarius* done:
Dispatch I say, to the fire with them.
Bel. Alas good men, Tongueleſſe? you'le yet be heard;
The sighes of your tun'd soules are musicall;
And whil'st I breath, as now my teares I shed,
My prayers Ile send up for you: 'twas I that mangl'd you.
How soone the bodies Organ leaves the sound!
The Life's next too't, a Needles point ends that,
A small thing does it; now you have quiet roomes,
No wrangling, all husht: now make mea fellow
In this most patient suffering.
Hen. Beare them unto the fire, and place him neere,
To fright him. *Flourish.*
Bel. On fellow Souldiers,
Your fires will soone be quencht: and for your wrongs,
You shall above, all speake with Angels tongues. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne, Constable, and three watchmen.

Clown. You that are borne Pagans both by father & mother,
The true sonnes of Infidelity, sit downe by me your Officiall:
Or to come nearer to the efficacy of the word,
Your undermost Iaylor, or staller;
The word is Lordly and significant.
Omnes. Oh brave Master y'faith.
Clown. Therefore sit downe,
And as by vertue of our place, we have Authority given,

So let us as Officers doe, knaves of our function,
As of others; let us I say, be unbounded in our Authority,
Having the Lawes, I meane the Keyes, in our owne hands.

Const. Friend, friend, you are two forward in your Autho-
Your command is limited where I am in place: (rity,
For though you are the Lieutenants man, know sir that I
Am Master of the worke, and Constable Royall
Vnder the Kings Majesty.

Omnes. Marry is hee.

Const. If their testimonie will not satisfie here my Title
At this place, in this time, and upon this occasion,
I am Prince over those Publicans, Lord over these Larroones,
Regent of these Rugs, Viceroy over these Vagabonds,
King of these Catterpillars; and indeed, being a Constable,
Directly Soveraigne over these my Subjects.

2. *Offic.* If all these stiles, so hard to climbe over, belong
To the Office of a Constable, what kin is he to the Divell?

Const. Why to the Devill my friend?

Clown. Ile tell you; because a Constable is King of Nights,
And the other is Prince of Darkenesse.

Const. Darke as it is, by the twilight of my Lanthorne,
Methinks I see a company of Woodcocks.

2. *Offic.* How can you discerne them? *Enter* Epidorus,

Clown. Oh excellent well Victoria & Bellina.
By their bills: see, see, here comes the Lievtenant.

Epid. Well sayd my friends, you keepe good watch I see.

Clown. Yes Sir, we Officers have breath as strong as Garlick
No Christian by their good wills dare come neare us.

Epid. 'Tis well, for beare:
Oh Madam, had you seene with what a vehemency
He did blaspheme the Gods,
Like to a man pearcht on some lofty Spire,
Amaz'd which way to relieve himselfe,
You would have stood as did the King, amaz'd.

Vict. God grant him liberty,
And with that give us privacy:
I doubt not, but our sweet conference

Shall

Shall worke much on him.

Epid. *Iove* grant it: Ile leave the roome. *Exit* Epid.

Clowne. A Jaylor seldome lookes for a bribe,
But hee's prevented. *Exeunt Officers.*

Enter Bellizarius *in his Night-gowne, with* Epidophorus.

Epid. My Lord, your Lady,
And her most beauteous daughter,
Are come to visit you, and here attend.

Bel. My Wife and Daughter, oh welcome love;
And blessing Crowne thee, my beloved *Bellina*.

Vitt. My Lord pray leave us.

Epid. Your will be your owne Law. *Exit* Epidoph.

Vitt. Why study yon my Lord, why is your eye fixt
On your *Bellina*, more than on me?

Bel. Good, excellent good:
What pretty showes our fancies represents us:
My faire *Bellina* shines like to an Angel,
Has such a brightnesse in her Christall eyes,
That even the radiancy duls my sight.
See, my *Victoria*, lookes she not sweetly? (wont.

Vitt. Shee does my Lord; but not much better than she was

Bel. Oh shee but beginnes to shine as yet,
But will I hope ere long be stellified:
Alas, my *Victoria*, thou look'st nothing like her.

Vitt. Not like her? why my Lord?

Bel. Marke, and Ile tell thee how:
Thou art too much o're growne with sinne and shame,
Hast pray'd too much, offer'd too much devotion
To him and those that can nor helpe, nor hurt,
Which my *Bellina* has not:
Her yeares in sinne are not as thine are, old:
Therefore me thinkes she's fairer, farre than thou.

Vitt. I my Lord, guided by you, and by your precepts
Have often cal'd on *Iupiter*.

Bel. I, there's the poynt:

My sinnes like Pullies still drew me downewards:
'Twas I that taught thee first to Idolize,
And unlesse that I can with-draw thy mind
From following that, I did with teares intreat,
I'me lost, for ever lost, lost in my selfe and thee:
Oh my *Bellina*.

Bellina. Why Sir, shall we not call on *Iove* that gives us food,
By whom we see the heavens have all their Motions?

Bel. Shee's almost lost too, alas my Girle,
There is a higher *Iove* that rules 'bove him:
Sit my *Victoria*, sit my faire *Bellina*,
And with attention hearken to my dreame:
Me thought one evening, sitting on a fragrant Virge,
Close by there ranne a silver gliding streame;
I past the Rivolet, and came to a Garden,
A Paradise, I should say, for losse it could not be;
Such sweetnesse the world containes not, as I saw;
Indian, *Aramatick*, nor *Arabian* Gummes,
Were nothing sented unto this sweet bower:
I gaz'd about, and there me thought I saw
Conquerours and Captives, Kings and meane men,
I saw no inequality in their places:
Casting mine eye on the other side the Palace,
Thousands I saw my selfe had sent to death;
At which, I sigh'd, and sob'd, I griev'd, and groan'd;
Ingirt with Angels, where those glorious Martyrs,
Whom this ungentle hand untimely ended;
And beckon'd to me, as if heaven had said,
Beleeve as they, and be thou one of them;
At which my heart leapt, for there me thought I saw,
As I suppos'd, you two, like to the rest:
With that I wak'd, and resolutely vow'd
To prosecute, what I in thought had seene.

Bellina. 'Twas a sweet dreame, good Sir make use of it.

Vict. And I, with *Bellizarius*, am resolv'd
To undergoe the worst of all afflictions,
Where such a glory bids us to performe.

Bel.

Bell. Now blessings crowne yee both,
The first stout Martyr has his glorious death,
Though stony-hard, yet speedy; when ours comes,
I shall tryumph in our affliction.
This adds some comfort to my troubled soule,
That so many have depriv'd of breath,
Shall winne two soules to accompany me in death. *Exeunt*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Clowne and Huntsmen severally.

1. *Hunt.* Ho, rise sluggards: so, so, ho; so, ho.
2. *Hunt.* So, ho; ho, we come.
Clown. Morrow jolly Wood-men.
Omnes. Morrow, morrow.
Clow. Oh here's a Morning, like a grey ey'd Wench,
Able to intice a man to leape out of his bed,
If he love Hunting; had he as many cornes on his toes
As there are Cuckolds in the City. (going
1. *Hunt.* And that's enough in conscience to keepe men from
Were his Boots as wide as the black Iacks,
Or Bombards tost by the Kings Guard.
2. *Hunt.* Are the swift Horses ready?
Clow. Yes, and better fed than taught;
For one of 'em had like to have kick't
My jigumbobs as I came by him.
1. *Hunt.* Where are the Dogges?
Clow. All coupled as Theeves going to a Sessions,
And are to be hang'd if they be found faulty.
2. *Hunt.* What Dogges are they?
Clow. A packe of the bravest *Spartan* Dogges in the world,
If they doe but once open, and spend there

Gabble.

Gabble, gabble, gabble, it will make the Forreſt ecchoe
As if a Ring of Bells were in it; admirably ſhewd by their eares,
You would take 'em to be ſinging boyes;
And for Dewlaps, they are as bigge as Vintners bags,
In which they ſtraine Ipocras.

Omnes. There boy.

Clow. And hunt ſo cloſe and ſo round together,
That you may cover 'em all with a ſheete.

2. *Hunt.* If it be wide enough.

Clow. Why as wide as ſome foure or five Acres that's all,

1. *Hunt.* And what's the game to day?

Clow. The wilde Boare.

1. *Hunt.* Which of 'em, the greateſt? I have not ſeene him.

Clow. Not ſeene him? he is as big as an Elephant.

2. *Hunt.* Now will he build a whole Caſtle full of lies.

Clow. Not ſeene him? I have.

Omnes. No, no; ſeene him; as big as an Elephant.

Clow. The backe of him is as broad, let me ſee,
As a pretty Lighter.

1. *Hunt.* A Lighter!

Clow. Yes: and what doe you thinke the Briſells are worth?

2. *Hunt.* Nothing.

Clow. Nothing? one Shoomaker offer'd to finde me and the Heire-male of my body, 22. yeeres, but to have them for his owne ends.

2. *Hunt.* He would put Sparâbiles into the ſoales then?

Clow. Not a Bill, not a Sparrow;
This Boares head is ſo huge, that a Vintner but drawing that picture, and hanging it up for a Signe, it fell down, and broke him,

1. *Hunt.* Oh horrible!

Clow. He has two ſtones ſo bigge: let me ſee, (a Poxe) thy head is but a Cherry-ſtone to the leaſt of 'em.

2. *Hunt.* How long are his Tuskes?

Clow. Each of them as crooked, and as long as a Mowers ſith.

1. *Hunt.* There's a Cutler.

Clow.

Clown. And when he whets his Tuskes, you would ſweare there were a ſea in's belly, and that his chops were the ſhore, to which the Foame was beaten: if his Foame were frothy Yeſt, 'twere worth tenne groats a paile for Bakers.

1. *Hunt.* What will the King doe with him if he kill him?

Clown. Bake him; and if they put him in one Paſty, a new Oven muſt be made, with a mouth as wide as the gates of the City. *Horne.*

Omnes. There boy, there boy.

Hornes and Noiſe within: Enter Antony *meeting* Damianus.

Ant. *Coſmo* had like beene kild, the Boare recovering,
A Speare full in the Flanke from *Coſmo's* hand,
Foming with rage, he ranne at him, unhorſt him;
And had, but that he fell behinde an Oake of admirable
Greatneſſe, torne out his bowels,
His very Tuskes ſtriking into the tree.
Made the old Champion ſhake. *Enter* Coſmo.

Dam. Where are the Dogges?

Coſmo. No matter for the Curres:
I ſcap't well, but
Cannot finde the King.

Anton. When did you ſee him?

Coſmo. Not ſince the Boare tos'd up
Both horſe and rider.

Enter Epidophorus, *and all the Hnntſmen in a hurry.*

Epid. A Liter for the King; the King is hurt.

Anton. How?

Epid. No man knowes; ſome ſay ſtung by an Adder,
As from his horſe he fell; ſome cry by the Boare.

Anton. The Boare never came neare him.

Dam. The Kings Phyſitians.

Coſm. Runne for the Kings Phyſitians.

Epid. Conduct us to him.

Anton. A fatall hunting when a King doth fall:
All earthly pleasures are thus washt in gall.

Eugenius *discovered sitting loaden with many Irons, a Lampe burning by him; then enter Clowne with a piece of browne bread, and a Carret roote.*

Eugen. Is this my dyet?

Clowne. Yes marry is it; though it be not Dyet bread, 'tis bread, 'tis your dinner: and though this be not the roote of all mischiefe, yet 'tis a Carret, and excellent good meate, if you had powderd Beefe to it.

Eug. I am content with this.

Clowne. If you bee not I cannot helpe it; for I am threatned to be hang'd if I set but a Tripe before you, or give you a bone to gnaw.

Eug. For me thou shalt not suffer.

Clowne. I thanke you, but were not you better be no good Christian, as I am, and so fill your belly, as to lie here and starve, and be hang'd thus in Chaines?

Eug. No, 'tis my triumph, all these Chaines to me
Are silken Ribbonds; this course bread a banquet:
This gloomy Dungeon is to me more pleasing
Than the Kings Palace; and cou'd I winne thy soule
To shake off her blacke ignorance, thou, as I doe,
Would'st feele thirst, hunger, stripes, and Irons, nothing,
Nay, count death nothing; let me winne thee to me.

Clown. Thanke yee for that; winne me from a Table full of good meat to leape at a crust; I am no Scholler, and you they say are a great one; and schollers must eate little, so shall you: what a fine thing is it for me to report abroad of you, that you are no great feeder, no Cormorant? what a quiet life is it when a womans tongue lies still? and is't not as good when a mans teeth lyes still.

Eug. Performe what thou art bidden;
If thou art charg'd to starve me, Ile not
Blame thee, but blesse heaven.

Clowne.

Clown. If you were ſtarv'd, what hurt were that to you?

Eug. Not any, no not any.

Clown. Here would be your praiſe when you ſhould lie dead, they would ſay, he was a very good man, but alas had little or nothing in him.

Eug. I am a ſlave to any miſery
My Iudges doome me too.

Clown. If you bee a ſlave, there's more ſlaves in the world than you.

Eug. Yes, thouſands of brave fellowes, ſlaves to their vices,
The Uſurer to his gold, drunkards to Wine,
Adulterers to their luſt.

Clown. Right Sir, ſo in Trades, the Smith is a ſlave to the Iron-monger, the itchy ſilke-weaver to the Silke-man, the Cloth-worker to the Draper, the Whore to the Bawd, the Bawd to the Conſtable, and the Conſtable to a bribe.

Eug. Is it the Kings will I ſhould be thus chain'd?

Clown. Yes indeed Sir: I can tell you in ſome countries they are held no ſmall fooles that goe in Chaines.

Eug. I am heavy.

Clown. Heavy, how can you chuſe having ſo much Iron upon you.

Eugen. Deaths brother and I would have a little talke,
So thou wouldſt leave us.

Clowne. With all my heart, let deaths ſiſter talke with you too, and ſhee will, but let not me ſee her, for I am charg'd to let no body come into you: if you want any water, give mee your Chamber pot Ile fill it. *Exit.*

Eugen. No, I want none, I thanke thee:
Oh ſweet affliction, thou bleſt booke being written
By Divine fingers: you Chaines that binde my body,
To free my ſoule; you Wheeles that wind me up
To an eternity of happineſſe, muſtre my holy thoughts, and as I
Write, Organ of heavenly Muſicke to mine eares,
Haven to my ſhipwracke, balme to my wounds,
Sunne-beames which on me comfortably ſhine,
When Clouds of death are covering me; ſo gold,

As I by thee, by fire is purified ; ſo ſhowres
Quicken the Spring ; ſo rough Seas
Bring Marriners home, giving them gaines and eaſe:
Impriſonment, gyves, famine, buffettings,
The Gibbet and the Racke, Flint ſtones the Cuſhions
On which I kneele ; a heape of Thornes and Briers
The Pillow to my head, a naſty priſon,
Able to kill mankinde even with the ſmell:
All theſe to me are welcome, you are deaths ſervants,
When comes your Maſter to me? now I am arm'd for him:
Strengthen me that Divinity that enlightens
The darkneſſe of my ſoule ; ſtrengthen this hand
That it may write my challenge to the world,
Whom I defie, that I may on this paper
The picture draw of my confeſſion:
Here doe I fixe my Standard ; here bid Battaile
To Paganiſme and infidelity: *Muſicke; Enter Angel.*
Muſtre my holy thoughts, and as I write,
In this brave quarrell teach me how to fight. *As he is wri-*
This is no common Almes to priſoners. *ting an Angel*
I never heard ſuch ſweetneſſe---O mine eyes, *comes & ſtands*
I that am ſhut from light, have all the light *before him: ſoft*
Which the world ſees by; here ſome heavenly *muſick; he aſto-*
Fire is thrown about the roome, *niſht & dazel'd.*
And burnes ſo clearely, mine eye-bals
Drop out blaſted at the ſight.

He falls flat on the earth, and whilſt a Song is heard, the Angel *writes, and vaniſhes as it ends.*

1. Song.

What are earthly honours,
But ſins glorious banners?
Let not golden gifts delight thee,
Let not death nor torments fright thee
From thy place thy Captaine gives thee;
When thou faineſt he relieves thee.

Hearke

Hearke how the Larke
Is to the Morning singing,
Harke how the Bells are ringing,
It is for joy that thou to Heaven art flying:
This is not life, true life is got by dying.

Eug. The light and sound are vanisht, but my feare
Sticks still upon my forehead: what's written here?

Reads.

Goe, and the bold Physitian play,
But touch the King, and drive away
The paine he feeles: but first assay
To free the Christians; if the King pay
Thy service ill, expect a day
When for reward thou shalt not stay.

Eug. All writ in golden Letters, and cut so even,
As if some hand had hither reacht from Heaven
To print this Paper.

Enter Epidophorus.

Epid. Come, you must to the King.

Eug. I am so laden with Irons,
I scarce can goe.

Epid. Wyer-whips shall drive you.
The King is counsell'd for his health, to bath him
In the warme blood of Christians, and you I thinke,
Must give him ease.

Eug. Willingly; my fetters
Hang now methinks like feathers at my heeles;
On, any whither I can runne sir.

Epid. Can you? Not very farre I feare.

Eug. No windes my Faith shake, nor rock split in sunder;
The poore ship's tost here, my strong Anchor's yonder. *Exeũt.*

Enter Bellizarius *and* Hubert.

Hub. My Lord. *Bel.* Ha?

Hub. Affraid in a close roome, where no foe comes,
Vnlesse it be a Weezle or a Rat,
And those besiege your Larder, or your Pantry:

Whom the arm'd Foe never frighted in the field.
Bel. 'Tis true my Lord, there danger was a safety; here
To be secure, I thinke most dangerous.
Or what could famine, wounds, or all th'extreames
That still attend a Souldiers actions,
Could not destroy one syllable from a Kings breath,
Can thus, thus easily win.
Hub. Oh, 'tis their long observed policy,
To turne away these roaring boyes,
When they intend to rock licentious thoughts
In a soft roome, where every long Cushion is
Embroydered with old Histories of peace,
And all the Hangings of Warre thrust into the Wardrobe,
Till they grow musty or moth-eaten.
Bel. One of these rusty Monuments am I.
Hub. A little oyle of favour will scoure thee agen,
And make thee shine as bright as in that day
We wonne the famous battaile 'gainst the Christians.
Bel. Never *Hubert*, never. *Enter* Bellina, *and kneeles weeping.*
What newes now Girle,
Thy heart so great it cannot tell me?
Hub. Sfoot why shouldst thou be troubled,
That art thus visited?
Let the King put me into any roome,
The closer, the better, and turne but such a Keeper to me,
And if ever I strive to runne away, though the doores be open,
May the Virgins curse destroy me,
And let me lamentably and most unmanly
Dye of the Greene-sickness.
Bel. My blessing bring thee patience gentle Girle;
It is the best thy wronged Father can
Invoke for thee: 'tis my *Bellina*, *Hubert*,
Know her honour'd Sir, and pittie her.
Hub. How sweetly shee becomes the face of woe!
Shee teacheth misery to court her beauty,
And to affliction lends a lovely looke: happy folkes
Would sell their blessings for her griefes

But

But to be ſure to meete them thus.

Bellina. My honourd Father, your griev'd Daughter thus
Thrice every day to Heaven lifts her poore hand,
And payes her vowes to the incenſed Powers
For your releaſe and happy patience,
And will grow old in vowes unto thoſe Powers,
Till they fall on me loaden with my wiſhes.

Belliz. Thou art the comfort of my Treaſure Girle;
Wee'le live together if it pleaſe the King,
And tell ſad Stories of thy wretc'ed Mother:
Give equall ſighes to one anothers griefe,
And by diſcourſe of happineſſe to come,
Trample upon our preſent miſeries.

Hub. There is a violent fire runnes round about me,
Which my ſighes blow to a conſuming flame:
To be her Martyr is a happineſſe,
The ſainted ſoules would change their merit for it.
Methinkes griefe dwells about her pureſt eyes,
As if it begg'd a pardon for thoſe teares
Exhauſted hence, and onely due to love:
Her Vaile hangs like a Cloud over her face,
Through which her beauty, like a glimmering Starre,
Gives a tranſparent luſtre to the night,
As if no ſorrow could Ecclipſe her light.
Her lips, as they diſcourſe, methinks looke pale,
For feare they ſhould not kiſſe agen; but met,
They bluſh for joy as happy Lovers doe,
After a long divorce when they encounter.

Belliz. Noble Lord, if you dare loſe ſo much precious time,
As to be companion to my miſery but one poore houre,
And not eſteeme your ſelfe too prodigall
For that expence, this wretched Maid my Child,
Shall waite upon you with her ſorrows ſtories,
Vouchſafe but you to heare it.

Hub. Yes, with full eare.

Belliz. To your beſt thoughts I leave you. *Exit* Belliz.
I will but read, and anſwer this my Letter.

Bellina.

Bellina. Why doe you seeme to loose your eyes on me?
Here's nothing but a pile of wretchednesse,
A branch that every way is shooke at roote,
And would (I thinke) even fall before you now,
But that Divinity, which props it up,
Inspires it full of comfort, since the Cause
My Father suffers for, gives a full glory
To his base fetters of Captivity:
And I beseech you Sir, if there but dwell
So much of vertue in you, as your lookes
Seeme to expresse, possesse your honour'd thoughts,
Bestow your pitty on us, not your scorne,
And wish for goodnesse sake, and your soules weale,
You were a sharer in these sufferings,
So the same Cause expos'd your fortunes too't.

Hub. Oh happy woman, know I suffer more,
And for a cause as just.

Bellina. Be proud then of that tryumph; but I am yet
A stranger to the Character of what
You say you suffer for:
Is it for Conscience? *Hub.* For love divine perfection.

Bellina. If of Heavens love, how rich is your reward!

Hub. Of Heavens best blessing, your most perfect selfe.

Bellina. Alas sir, here perfection keeps no Court,
Love dresses here no wanton amorous bowers,
Sorrow has made perpetuall winter here,
And all my thoughts are Icie, past the reach
Of what Loves fires can thaw.

Hub. Oh doe but take away a part of that
My breast is full of, of that holy fire,
The Queene of Loves faire Altar holds not purer,
Nor more effectuall, and sweet: if then
You melt not into passion for my wounds,
Effuse your Virgin vowes to chaine mine eares,
Weepe on my necke, and with your fervent sighes
Infuse a soule of comfort into me:
Ile breake the Altar of the foolish god,

Proclaime

Proclaime them guilty of Idolatry,
That ſacrifice to *Cythereas* ſonne.

Bellina. Did not my preſent fortunes and my vowes
Regiſter'd in the Records of Heaven,
Tye me too ſtrictly from ſuch thoughts as theſe,
I feare me I ſhould ſoftly yeeld to what
My yet condition has beene ſtranger to:
To love my Lord, is to be miſerable.

Hub. Oh to thy ſweetneſſe Envy would prove kind,
Tormentor humble, no pale Murderer;
And the Page of death a ſmiling Courtier.
Venus muſt then, to give thee noble welcome,
Perfume her Temple with the breath of Nunnes,
Not *Veſta's*, but her owne, with Roſes ſtrow
The paths that bring thee to her bleſſed ſhrine:
Cloath all her Altars in her richeſt Robes,
And hang her walles with ſtories of ſuch loves
Have rais'd her Tryumphs, and 'bove all at laſt
Record this day, the happy day, in which
Bellina prov'd to love a Convertite:
Be mercifull, and ſave me.

Bellina. You are defil'd with Seas of Chriſtians blood,
An enemy to Heaven, and which is good,
And cannot be a loving friend to me.

Hub. If I have ſinn'd, forgive me you juſt powers,
My ignorance, not cruelty has don't:
And here I vow my ſelfe to be hereafter
What e're *Bellina* ſhall inſtruct me in.
For ſhe was never made but to poſſeſſe
The higheſt Manſion 'mongſt your dignities,
Nor can Heaven let her erre.

Bellina. On that condition thus I ſpread my armes,
Whoſe chaſte imbraces ne're toucht man before,
And will to *Hubert* all the favour ſhew
His vertuous love can covet;
I will be ever his: goe thou to Warre,
Theſe hands ſhall arme thee, and Ile watch thy Tent,

Till from the battaile thou bring'ſt victory.
In peace Ile ſit by thee, and read, or ſing
Stanzaes of chaſte love, of love purifi'd
From deſires droſſie blackneſſe; nay, when our clouds
Of ignorance are quite vaniſh't, and that a holy
Religious knot betweene us may be tyed,
Bellina here vowes to be *Huberts* Bride,
Elſe doe I ſweare perpetuall chaſtity.

Hub. Thy vowes I ſeale, be thou my ghoſtly Tutor,
And all my actions levell'd to thy thoughts,
I am thy Creature.

Bellina. Let Heaven too but now propitious prove,
And for thy ſoule thou haſt wonne a happy love.
Come, ſhall we to my Father? *Exeunt.*

Soft Muſick.

Enter the King on his bed, two Phyſitians, Anthony, Damianus, *and* Coſmo.

King. Are you Phyſitians?
Are you thoſe men that proudly call your ſelves
The helps of Nature?

Ant. Oh my good Lord, have patience.

King. What ſhould I doe? lye like a patient Aſſe,
Feele my ſelfe tortur'd by this diffuſed poyſon,
But tortur'd more by theſe unſavory drugges.

Ant. Come one of you your ſelves, and ſpeake to him.

1. *Phyſ.* How fares your Highneſſe?

King. Never worſe: what's he?

Dami. One of your Highneſſe Doctors.

King. Come ſit neare me,
Feele my pulſe once agen, and tell me Doctor,
Tell me in tearmes that I may underſtand:
I doe not love your gibbriſh; tell me honeſtly
Where the Cauſe lies, and give a Remedy,
And that with ſpeed; or in deſpight of Art
Of Nature, you, and all your heavenly motions,
Ile recollect ſo much of life into me,

As

As shall give space to see you tortur'd.
Some body told me that a Bath of mans blood
Would restore me; Christians shall pay for't:
Fetch the Bishop hither, he shall begin.

Cosm. Hee's gone for.

King. What's my disease?

1. *Phys.* My Lord, you are poyson'd.

King. I told thee so my selfe, and told thee how:
But what's the reason that I have no helpe?
The Coffers of my Treasury are full,
Or if they were not, tributary Christians
Bring in sufficient store to pay your fees,
If that you gape at.

2. *Phys.* Wilt please your Highnesse then to take this Cordiall?
Gold never truely did you good till now.

King. 'Tis gone.

2. *Phys.* My Lord, it was the perfectst tincture
Of Gold that ever any Art produc'd:
With it was mixt a true rare Quintessence,
Extracted out of Orientall Bezar,
And with it was dissolv'd the Magisteriall,
Made of the Horne *Armenia* so much boasts of:
Which though dull Death had usurp't Natures right,
Is able to create new life agen.

King. Why does it good on men, and not on Kings?
We have the selfe-same passages for Nature
With mortall men, our pulses beate like theirs;
We are subject unto passions as they are.
I finde it now, but to my griefe I finde,
Life stands not with us on such tickliſh points.
What is't becauſe we are Kings, Life takes it leave
With greater state? No, no; the envious gods
Maligne our happinesse: Oh that my breath had power
With my last words to blast their Deities.

1. *Phys.* The Cordiall that you tooke requires rest:
For healths sake good my Lord, repose your selfe.

King. Yes, any thing for health; draw round the Curtaines.

Dam. Wee'le watch by him, whilst you two doe consult.
1. *Phys.* VVhat gueſſe you by that Vrine?
2. *Phys.* Surely death.
1. *Phys.* Death certaine, without contradiction:
For though the Vrin be a whore, and lies,
Yet where I finde her in all parts agree
VVith other Symtomes of apparent death,
Ile give her faith: Pray Sir, doe but marke
Theſe blacke Hypoſtacies, it plainely ſhewes
Mortification generally through the ſpirits,
And you may finde the Pulſe to ſhew as much
By his uncertainty of time and ſtrength.
2. *Phys.* VVe finde the ſpirits often ſuffiſticated
By many accidents, but yet not mortified;
A ſudden feare will doe it.
1. *Phys.* Very right;
But there's no malitious humour mixt
As in the King ſir, you muſt underſtand:
A Scorpion ſtung him; now a Scorpion is
A ſmall compacted creature, in whom Earth
Hath the predominance, but mixt with fire,
So that in him *Saturne* and *Mars* doe meet.
This little Creature hath his ſeverall humours,
And theſe their excrements, theſe met together,
Enflam'd by anger, made a deadly poiſon:
And by how much the creatures body's leſſe,
By ſo much is the force of venome more:
As Lightning through a windows Caſement
Hurts more than that which enters at the doore.
2. *Phys.* But for the way to cure it.
1. *Phys.* Know none:
Yet Ancient VVriters have preſcrib'd us many,
As *Theophraſtus* holds moſt excellent.
Diophoratick Medicines to expell
Ill vapours from the noble parts by ſweate:
But *Avices* and alſo *Rabby Roſes*
Doe thinke it better by provoking Vrin,

Since

Since by the Urine blood may well be purg'd,
And ſpirits from the blood have nutriment;
But for my part, I ever held opinon,
In ſuch a caſe the ventoſies are beſt.

2 *Phyſ.* They are indeed, and they doe farre exceede.

1 *Phyſ.* All the great curious Cataphlaſmes,
Or the live taile of a deplum'd Henne,
Or your hot Pige ons, or your quartered Whelpes,
For they by a meere forc'd attractive power,
Retaine that ſafely which by force was drawne;
Whereas the other things I nam'd before,
Doe loſe their vertue, as they loſe their heat.

2 *Phyſ.* The ventoſies ſhall be our next intenſions.

Anton. Pray Gentlemen attend his Highneſſe.

King. Your next intentions be to drowne your ſelves,
Dogge-leaches all; I ſee I am not mortall,
For I with patience have thus long endur'd,
Beyond the ſtrength of all mortality;
But now the thrice heate furnace of my boſome
Diſdaineth bounds: doe not I ſcorch you all?
Goe, goe, you are all but prating Mountebankes,
Quackſalvers, and Impoſures; get you all from me.

2 *Phyſ.* Theſe Ventoſies my Lord will give you eaſe.

King. A vengeance on thy Ventoſies and thee.

Enter Eugenius.

Anton. The Biſhop Sir is come.

King. Chriſtian thy blood
Muſt give me eaſe and helpe.

Eugen. Drinke then thy fill;
None of the Fathers that begot ſweet Phyſick,
That Divine Lady, comforter to man,
Invented ſuch a medicine as mans blood,
A drinke ſo pretious ſhould not be ſo ſpilt;
Take mine, and heaven pardon you the guilt.

King. A Butcher; ſee his throat cut.

Eugen. I am ſo farre from ſhrinking, that mine owne hands
Sall bare my throat; and am ſo farre from wiſhing

Ill to you, that mangle me, that before
My blood shall wash these Rushes,
King, I will cure thee.
1. *Phys.* You cure him.
King. Speak on fellow.
Eug. If I doe not
Restore your limbes to soundnesse, drive the poyson
From the infected part, study your tortures,
To teare me peece-meale, yet be kept alive.
King. Oh reverent man come neare me, worke this wonder,
Aske gold, honours, any, any thing,
The sublunary treasures of this world
Can yeeld, and they are thine.
Eug. I will doe nothing without a recompence.
King. A royall one.
Omnes. Name what you would desire.
King. Stand by, you trouble him,
A recompence can my Crowne buy thee, take it;
Reach him my Crowne, and plant it on his head.
Eug. No, here's my bargaine.
King. Quickly, oh speake quickly——
Off with the good-mans Irons.
Eug. Free all those Christians, which are now thy slaves,
In all thy Cittadels, Castles, Fortresses,
Those in *Bellanna*, and *Mersaganna*,
Those in *Alempha*, and in *Hazanoth*,
Those in thy Gallies, those in thy Iayles and Dungeons.
King. Those, any where; my Signet, take my Signet,
And free all on your lives, free all the Christians.
What dost thou else desire?
Eug. This: that thy selfe trample upon thy Pagan gods.
Omnes. Sir.
King. Away.
Eug. Wash your soule white by wading in the streame
Of Christian gore.
King. I will turne Christian.
Dam. Better wolves worry this accursed——

King. Better
Have Bandogs worry all of you, than I
To languish in a torment, that feedes on me,
As if the Furies bit me: Ile turne Christian,
And if I doe not, let the Thunder pay
My breach of promise; cure me, good old man,
And I will call thee father; thou shalt have
A King come kneeling to thee every Morning,
To take a blessing from thee, and to heare thee
Salute him as a Sonne:
When, when is this wonder?
Eug. Now; you are well Sir?
King. Ha!
Eug. Has your paine left you?
King. Yes, see else *Damianus*, *Antony*, *Cosmo*, I am well.
Omnes He does it by inchantment.
1. *Phys.* By meere Witch-craft.
Eug. Thy payment for my cure?
King. What?
Eug. To turne Christian,
And set all Christian slaves at liberty.
King. Ile hang and torture all;
Call backe the Messenger sent with our Signet;
For thy selfe, thou foole, should I allow
Thee life, thou wouldst be poyson'd by our
Colledge of Physitians; let him not touch me,
Nor ever more come neare me; and to be sure
Thy sorceries shall not strike me, stone him to death.

They binde him to a stake, and fetch stones in Baskets.

Omnes. When?
King. Now, here presently.
Eugen. Ingratefull man.
King. Dispatch, his voyce is horrid in our eares,
Kill him, hurle all, and in him kill my feares.

Eug.

Eug. I would thy feares were ended.
King. Why thus delay you?
Dam. The ſtones are ſoft as ſpunges.
Anton. Not any ſtone here
Can raze his skin.
Dam. See Sir.
Coſm. More Conjuring?
Eug. Thankes havenly preſervation.
King. Mockt by a hell-hound?
Omnes. This muſt not be endur'd Sir.
King. Unbinde the wretch;
Naile him to the earth with Irons: Cannot death ſtrike him?
New ſtudied tortures ſhall.
Eug. New tortures bring,
They all to me are but a banquetting. *Exit.*
Anton. But are you well indeed Sir?
King. Paſſing well,
Though my Phyſitian fetcht the cure from hell:
All's one, I am glad I have it. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Antony, Coſmo, Hubert, *and* Damianus.

Anton. You noble *Hubert*, are the men choſen out
From all our *Vandal* Leaders to be chiefe
O're a new Army, which the King will raiſe,
To roote out from our land theſe Chriſtians,
That over-runne us?
Coſm. 'Tis a glory *Hubert*,
Will raiſe your fame, and make you like our gods,
To pleaſe whom, you muſt doe this.
Dam. And in doing,
Be active as the fire, and mercileſſe

As

As is the bound leſſe Ocean, when it ſwallows
Whole Townes, and of them leaves no Monument.
Hub. When ſhall mine eyes be happy in the ſight
Of this brave Pagentry?
Cof. The King ſayes, inſtantly.
Hub. And muſt I be the Generall?
Omnes. Onely you.
Hub. I ſhall not then at my returning home
Have ſharers in my great acts: to the Volume
My Sword in bloody Letters ſhall text downe,
No Name muſt ſtand but mine, no leafe turn'd o're
But *Huberts* workes are read, and none but mine.
Bellizarius ſhall not on his Clouds of fire
Fly flaming round about the ſtaring World,
Whilſt I creepe on the earth. Flatter me not,
Am I to goe indeed?
Ant. The King ſo ſweares.
Hub. A Kings word is a Statute graven in Braſſe,
And if he breakes that Law, I will in Thunder
Rouze his cold ſpirit: I long to ride in Armour,
And looking round about me, to ſee nothing
But Seas and ſhores, the Seas of Chriſtians blood,
The ſhoares tough Souldiers: Here a wing flies out
Soaring at Victory, here the maine Battalia
Comes up with as much horrour, and hotter terrour;
As if a thick-growne Forreſt by enchantment
Were made to move, and all the Trees ſhould meete
Pell mell, and rive their beaten bulkes in ſunder,
As petty Towers doe, being flung downe by Thunder.
Pray thanke the King, and tell him I am ready
To cry a Charge; tell him I ſhall not ſleepe,
Till that which wakens Cowards, trembling with feare,
Startles me, and ſends brave Muſick to mine eare,
And that's the Drumme and Trumpet.
Ant. This ſhall be told him.
Dam. And all the *Goths* and *Vandalls* ſhall ſtrike Heaven
With repercuſſive Ecchoes of your name,

Crying a *Hubert*.

Hub. Deafe me with that ſound,
A Souldier though he falls in the Field, lives crown'd.

Cof. Wee'le to the King, and tell him this. *Exeunt. Enter Bellina.*

Hub. Doe: Oh my *Bellina*,
If ever, make me happy now; now tye
Strong charmes about my full-plum'd Burgonet
To bring me ſafe home: I muſt to the Warres.

Bel. What warres? we have no warres but in our ſelves:
We fighting with our ſinnes, our ſinnes with us,
Yet they ſtill get the victory: who are in Armes
That you muſt to the Field?

Hub. The Kings Royall thoughts
Are in a mutiny amongſt themſelves,
And nothing can allay them but a ſlaughter,
A generall maſſacre of all the Chriſtians
That breath in his Dominion: I am the Engine
To worke this glorious wonder.

Bel. Fore-fend it Heaven:
Laſt time you ſate by me within my bower,
I told you of a Pallace wall'd with gold.

Hub. I doe remember it.

Bel. The floore of ſparkling Diamonds, and the roofe
Studded with Starres ſhining as bright as fire.

Hub. Tiue.

Bel. And I told you one day I would ſhew you
A path ſhould bring you thither.

Hub. You did indeed.

Bel. And will you now neglect a leaſe of this,
To lye in a cold field, a field of murder?
Say thou ſhouldſt kill ten thouſand Chriſtians,
They goe but as Embaſſadors to Heaven
To tell thy cruelties, and on yon Battlements
They all will ſtand on rowes, laughing to ſee
Thee fall into a pit as bottomleſſe,
As the Heavens are in extenſion infinite.

Hub. More, prethee more; I had forgot this Muſick.

Bel.

Bel. Say thou shouldst win the day, yet art thou lost,
For ever lost; an everlasting slave,
Though thou com'st home a laure'ld Conquerour.
You courted me to love you, now I woe thee
To love thy selfe, to love a thing within thee
More curious than the frame of all this world,
More lasting than this Engine o're our heads,
Whose wheeles have mov'd so many thousand yeeres:
This thing is thy soule,
For which I woe thee.

Hub. Thou woest, I yeeld, and in that yeelding love thee,
And for that love Ile be the Christians guide:
I am their Captaine, come both *Goth* and *Vandall*,
Nay, come the King, I am the Christians Generall.

Bel. Not yet, till your Commission be faire drawne,
Not yet, till on your brow you beare the Print
Of a rich golden seale.

Hub. Get me that seale then.

Bel. There is an *Aqua fortis*, (an eating water)
Must first wash off thine infidelity,
And then th'art arm'd.

Hub. O let me then be arm'd.

Bel. Thou shalt:
But on thy knees thou gently first shalt sweare
To put no Armour on but what I beare.

Hub. By this chaste clasping of our hands I sweare---

Bel. We then thus hand in hand will fight a battaile
Worth all the pitch-fields, all the bloody banquets,
The slaughter and the massacre of Christians,
Of whom such heapes so quickly never fell,
Brave on set be thy end not terrible.

Hub. This kindled fire burne in us, till as deaths slaves
Our bodies pay their tributes to their graves. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and two Pagans

Clow. Come fellow Pagans, death meanes to fare well to day, for he is like to have rost-meate to his supper, two prin-

cipall dishes; many a Knight keepes a worse Table. First, a brave Generall Carbonadoed, then a fat Bishop broyl'd, whose Rochet comes in fryed for the second course, according to the old saying, *A plumpe greazie Prelate fries a fagot daintily.*

1. *Pag.* Oh the Generall *Bellizarius* for my money: hee has a fiery spirit too, hee will roast soakingly within and without.

Clow. Methinks Christians make the bravest Bonefires of any people in the Vniverse; as a *Iew* burnes pretty-well, but if you marke him, he burnes upward: the fire takes him by the Nose first.

2. *Pag.* I know some Vintners then are *Iewes.*

Clow. Now as your *Iew* burnes upward, your *French-man* burnes downeward like a Candle, and commonly goes out with a stinke like a snuffe, and what socket soever it light in, it must be well cleans'd and pick't before it can be us'd agen: But *Bellizarius*, the brave Generall, will flame high and cleare like a Beacon, but your Puritane *Eugenius* will burne blew, blew; like a white-bread sop in *Aqua vitæ.* Fellow Pagans, I pray let us agree among our selves about the sharing of those two.

2. *Pag.* I, 'tis fit.

Clow. You know I am worshipfull by my place, the underkeeper may write Squire if he list, at the bottome of the paper: I doe cry first the Generalls great Scarfe to make me a short Summer-cloake, and the Bishops wide sleeves to make me a Holy-dayes shirt.

1. *Pag.* Having a double voyce we cannot abridge you of a double share.

Clow. You that so well know what belongs to reverence, the Breeches by yours, whether Bishops or Generalls: but with this Provizo, because we will all share of both parties, as I have lead the way, I clayming the Generalls and the Bishops sleeves, so he that chuses the Generalls Doublet, shall weare the Generalls Breeches.

Pag. A match.

Clow. Nay, 'twill be farre from a match that's certaine, but it

Will

will make us to be taken for men of note, what company soever we come in:
The Souldier and the Scholler peekt up so,
Will make *tam Marti, quam Mercurio.* *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Antony, Damianus, *and* Cosmo: Victoria *meetes the King.*

Vict. As you are Vice-gerent to that Majesty,
By whom Kings reigne on earth, as you would wish
Your heires should sit upon your Throne, your name
Be mentioned in the Chronicle of glory,
Great King vouchsafe me hearing.
King. Speake.
Vict. My husband;
The much, too much wrong'd *Bellizarius*,
Hath not deserv'd the measure of such misery
Which is throwne on him; call, oh call to minde
His service, how often he hath fought,
And toyl'd in warres to give his Country peace:
He has not beene a flatterer of the Time,
Nor Courted great ones for their glorious Vices;
He hath not sooth'd blinde dotage in the World,
Nor caper'd on the Common-wealths dishonour;
He has not peeld the rich, nor flead the poore,
Nor from the heart-strings of the Commons drawne
Profit to his owne Coffers; he never brib'd
The white intents of mercy, never sold
Justice for money, to set up his owne,
And utterly undoe whole families:
Yet some such men there are that have done thus,
The mores the pitty.
King. To the poynt.
Vict. Oh Sir, *Bellizarius* has his wounds emptied of blood,
Both for his Prince and Countrey; to repeat
Particulars, were to doe injury
To your yet mindfull gratitude----His Life,

His liberty, 'tis that I plead for---that:
And since your enemies and his could never
Captive the one, and triumph in the other,
Let not his friends,
His King commend a cruelty,
Strange to be talkt of, curst to be acted;
My Husband, oh my husband *Bellizarius*,
For him I begge.

King. Lady rise up, we will be gracious
To thy suit: cause *Bellizarius*
And the Bishop be brought hither instantly. *Exit for him.*

Vict. Now all the blessings due to a good King
Crowne you with lasting honours.

King. If thou canst
Perswade thy husband to recant his errours,
He shall not onely live, but in our favours
Be chiefe; wilt undertake it?

Vict. Undertake it Sir,
On these conditions, you shall your selfe
Be witnesse with what instance I will urge him
To pitty his owne selfe, recant his errours.

Anton. So doing, he will purchase many friends.

Dam. Life, love, and liberty.

Vict. But tell me, pray Sir,
What are those errours which he must recant?

King. His hatred to those powers to which we bow,
On whom we all depend; he has kneel'd to them,
Let him his base Apostacy recant,
Recant his being a Christian, and recant
The love he beares to Christians.

Bel. If he deny to doe all this,
Or any poynt of this,
Is there no mercy for him?

King. Couldst thou shed
A Sea of teares, to drowne my resolution,
He dyes; could the fond man lay at my foote
The Kingdomes of the earth, he dyes; he dyes

Were

Were he my ſonne, my father, bid him recant,
Elſe all the Torments cruelty can invent
ſhall fall on him.
Vict. No ſparke of pitty?
King. None.
Vict. Well then, but mark what paines Ile take to winne him:
To winne him home; Ile ſet him in a way,
The Clouds ſhall clap to finde what went aſtray.
Anton. Doe this, and we are all his.
King. Doe this, I ſweare to jewell him in my boſome.
See where he comes.

Enter Epidophorus, *with* Bellizarius, *and* Eugenius.

Bel. And whither now, is Tyranny growne ripe,
To blow us to our graves yet?
King. Bellizarius,
Thy wife has ſu'd for mercy, and has found it:
Speake Lady tell him how.
Bel. Victoria too:
Oh then I feare the ſtriving to expreſſe
The virtue of a good wife, hath begot
An utter ruine of all goodneſſe in thee:
What would'ſt thou ſay, poore woman?
Vict. My Lord the King,
Nothing can alter your incenſed rage,
But recantation.
King. Nothing.
Vict. Recantation, ſweet
Muſicke; *Bellizarius* thou maiſt live;
The King is full of royall bounty---like
The ambition of mortality---examine
What recantation is---a toy.
King. None hinder her: now ply him.
Vict. To loſe the portage in theſe ſacred pleaſures,
That knowes no end; to loſe the fellowſhip
Of Angels, loſe the harmony of bleſſings,

Which

Which crowne all Martyrs with eternity:
Wilt thou not recant?

King. I understand her not.

Omnes. Nor I.

Vict. Thy life hath hitherto beene, my deare husband,
But a disease to thee; thou hast indeed,
Mov'd on the earth, like other creeping wormes,
Who take delight in worldly surfeits, heate
Their blood with lusts, their limbes with proud attyres;
Fed on their change of sinnes; that doe not use
Their pleasure, but enjoy them; enjoy them fully,
In streames that are most sensuall, and persever
To live so till they dye, and to dye never.

King. What meanes all this?

Anthon. Art in thy right wits woman?

Vict. Such beasts are those about thee; take then courage,
If ever in thy youth thy soule hath set
By the Worlds tempting fires, as these men doe,
Recant that errour.

King. Ha?

Vict. Hast thou in battaile tane a pride in blood?
Recant that errour: hast thou constant stood
In a bad cause? clap a new armour on,
And fight now in a good: oh lose not heaven
For a few minutes in a Tyrants eye;
Be valiant, and meete death; if thou now loosest
Thy portion laid up for thee yonder, yonder,
For breath or honours here, oh thou dost sell
Thy soule for nothing:
Recant all this,
And then be rais'd up to a Throne of blis.

Anton. We are abus'd, stop her mouth.

Bel. Victoria,
Thou nobly dost confirme me, hast new arm'd
My resolution, excellent *Victoria.*

Eugen. Oh happy daughter, thou in this dost bring,
That *Requiem* to our soules, which Angels sing.

Dam.

Dam. Can you endure this wrong Sir?
Cosmo. Be out-brav'd by a seducing Strumpet?
King. Binde her fast;
Weele try what recantation you can make,
Hagge, in the presence of of your brave holy Champion,
And thy Husband,
One of my Cammell drivers shall take from thee
The glory of thy honesty and honour:
Call in the Peasant.
Vict. Bellizarius,
Eugenius, is there no guard above us,
That will protect me from a rape? 'tis worse
Than worlds of tortures.
Eugen. Feare not, *Victoria*, be
Thou a chaste one in thy minde, thy body
May, like a Temple of well tempered steele,
Be batter'd, not demolish'd.
Bel. Tyrant be mercifull,
And if thou hast no other vertue in thee,
Deserving memory to succeeding ages,
Yet onely thy not suffering such an out-rage,
Shall adde praise to thy name.
King. Where is the Groome?
Eugen. Oh sure the Sunne will darken,
And not behold a deede so foule and monstrous.

Enter Epiphodorus *with a slave.*

Epid. Here is a Cammell driver.
Omnes. Stand forth sirrah.
Epid. Be bould, and shrinke not, this is she.
1 *Cam.* And I am hee:
Is't the Kings pleasure I should mouse her, and before all these people?
King. No, 'tis considered better; unbinde the fury.
And dragge her to some corner, 'tis our pleasure,
Fall to thy businesse freely.

1 *Cam.* Not too freely neither; I fare hard, and drinke water, so doe the *Indians*; yet who fuller of Bastards? so doe the *Turkes*, yet who gets greater Logger-heads? come wench, Ile teach thee how to cut up wild fowle.

Vitt. Guard me you heavens.

Bel. Be mine eyes lost for ever?

1 *Cam.* Is that her husband?

Epid. Yes.

1 *Cam.* No matter; some husbands are so base, they keepe the doore whilst they are Cuckolded; but this is after a more manlier way, for he stands bound to see it done.

King. Haile her away.

1 *Cam.* Come Pusse: haile her away; which way? yon way? my Cammells backs cannot climbe it.

Anton. The fellow is struck mad.

1 *Cam.* That way, it lookes into a Mill-pond; whirre, how the Wheeles goe, and the Divell grindes? no this way.

King. Keepe the slave backe.

1 *Cam.* Backe, keepe me backe; there sits my wife kembing her haire, which curles like a witches feltlocks, all the Neets in't are Spiders, and all the Dandruffe the sand of a Scriveners Sand-boxe: Stand away, my whore shall not be lousie, let me come noynt her with Staveacre.

King. Defend me, lop his hands off.

Omnes. Hew him in pieces.

King. What has he done?

Anton. Sir, beate out his owne braines.

Vitt. You for his soule must answer.

King. Fetch another.

Eugen. Tempt not the wrath supernall to fall downe,
And crush thee in thy Throne.

Enter 2 Cammell drivers.

King. Peace sorcerous slave:
Sirra, take hence this Witch and ravish her.

2. *Cammel.* A Witch, VVitches are the Divels sweetehearts.

King.

King. Doe it, be thou Master of much gold.

2 *Cam.* Shall I have gold to doe it? in some Countries I heare whole Lordships are spent upon a fleshly device, yet the buyer in the end had nothing but French Repentance, and the curse of Chyrurgery for his money; let me finger my Gold; Ile venture on, but not give her a penny; womans flesh was never cheaper, a man may eate it without bread, all Trades fall, so doe they.

Epid. Looke you Sir, there's your gold.

2 *Cam.* Ile tell money after my Father: oh I am strucke blinde!

Omnes. The fellow is bewitcht Sir.

Eugen. Great King, impute not
This most miraculous delivery
To witch-craft; 'tis a gentle admonition
To teach thy heart obey it.

King. Lift up the slave,
Though he has lost his sight, his feeling is not:
He dyes unlesse he ravish her.

Epid. Force her into thy armes, or else thou dyest.

2 *Cam.* I have lost my hearing too.

King. Fetch other slaves.

Epid. Thou must force her.

2 *Cam.* Truely I am hoarse often with driving my Cammells, and nothing does me good but sirrop of Horehound.

Enter two Slaves.

Epid. Here are two slaves will doe it indeed.

2. Which is shee?

King. This creature, she has beauty to intice you,
And enough to feast you all: seize her all three,
And ravish her by turnes.

Slaves. A match.

They dance antiquely, and Exeunt.

King. Hang up theſe ſlaves,
I am mock't by her and them;
They dance me into anger:
Heard you not muſicke?
Anth. Yes ſure, and moſt ſweet melody.
Vict. 'Tis the heavens play,
And the Clowdes dance for joy thy cruelty
Has not tane hold upon me.
King. Hunger then ſhall:
Leade them away, dragge her to ſome loathed dungeon,
And for three dayes give her no food;
Load them with Irons.
Epid. They ſhall.
Eug. Come fellow ſouldiers, halfe the fight is paſt,
The bloodieſt battell comes to an end at laſt.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Epiphodorus *and Clowne.*

Epid. Have any Chriſtian ſoule broke from my Jayle
This night, and gone i'th darke to find out heaven?
Are any of my hated priſoners dead?
Clowne. Dead, yes,
And five more come into the world, inſtead of one;
Theſe Chriſtians are like Artichoaks of *Ieruſalem*,
They over-runne any ground they grow in.
Epid. Are they ſo fruitfull?
Clowne. Fruitfull?
A Hee Chriſtian told me, that amongſt them the young fellowes

lowes are such Earing rioted Rascals, that they will runne into the parke of Matrimony at sixteene: are Bucks of the first head at eighteene, and by twenty carry in some places their hornes on their backs.

Epid. On their backs?
What kinde of Christians are they?

Clowne. Marry these are Christian Butchers, who when their Oxen are flead, throw their skinnes on their shoulders.

Epid. I thought they had beene Cuckolds.

Clowne Amongst them, no, there's no woman, that's a true Christian, will horne her husband: there dyed to night no lesse than sixe and a halfe in our layde.

Epid. How? sixe and a halfe?

Clowne. One was a girle of thirteene with child.

Epid. Thy tidings fats me.

Clow. You may have one or two of'em drest to your Dinner to make you more fat.

Epid. Vnhallowed slave, let a *Jew* eate Porke,
When I but touch a Christian.

Clow. You are not of my dyet: would I had a young Loyne of Porke to my Supper, and two Loynes of a pretty sweete Christian after Supper.

Epid. Would thou mightst eate and choake.

Clow. Never at such meate; it goes downe without chawing.

Epid. We have a taske in hand to kill a Serpent,
Which spits her poyson in our Kingdomes face,
And that we speake not of: lives still
That Witch *Victoria*, wife to *Bellizarius*?
Is Death affraid to touch the Hagge? does hunger
Tremble to gnaw her flesh off, dry up her blood,
And make her eate herselfe in Curses, ha?

Clow. Ha? your mouth gapes as if you would eate me: the King commanded she should be laden with Irons; I have laid two load upon her, then to pop her into the Dungeon, I

thrust downe as deepe as I could : then to give her no meate ; Alas my cheekes cry out, I have meate little enough for my selfe : Three dayes and three nights has her Cubbard had no victuals in it : I saw no lesse than Fifty sixe Mice runne out of the hole she lies in, and not a crumme of bread or bit of cheese amongst them.

Epid. 'Tis the better.

Clow. I heard her one morning cough pittifully, upon which I gave her a messe of Porredge piping-hot.

Epid. Thou Dog, 'tis death.

Clow. Nay but sir, I powr'd 'em downe scalding as they were on her head, because they say, they are good for a cold, and I thinke that kill'd her : for to try if she were alive or no, I did but even now tye a Crust to a packe-threed on a pinne, but shee leapt not at it ; so that I am sure shee's wormes meate by this.

Epid. Rewards in golden showres shall raine upon us:
Be thy words true ? fall downe and kisse the earth.

Clowne. Kisse earth, why ? and so many wenches come to the Jayle ?

Epid. Slave downe, and clap thy eare to the caves mouth,
And make me glad or heavy ;
If she speake not, I shall cracke
My ribs, and spend my spleene in laughter ;
But if thou hear'st her pant, I am gon.

Clowne. Farewell then.

Epid. Breaths shee ?

Clowne. No sir ; her winde instrument is out of tune.

Epid. Call, cal.

Clowne. Doe you heare, you low woman, hold not downe your head so for shame, creepe not thus into a corner, no honest woman loves to be fumbling thus in the darke : hang her she has no tongue.

Epid. Would twenty thousand of their sexe had none.

Clowne. Foxe, Foxe, come out of your hole.

An Angel ascends from the cave, singing.

Epid.

Epid. Horrour, what's this?
Clowne. Alas I know not what my selfe am.

Angel Sings.

Fly darnesse flye, in spight of Caves,
Truth can thrust her armes through Graves,
No Tyrant shall confine
A white soule that's divine,
And does more brightly shine
Than Moone or Sunne,
She lasts when they are done.

Epid. I am bewitcht;
Mine Eyes faile me; lead me to King.
Clowne. And tell, we heard a Mermaide sing. *Exeunt.*

Angel Sings.

Goe fooles, and let your feares
Glow as your sins and cares,
The good how e're trod under,
Are Lawreld safe in thunder:
Though lockt up in a den,
One Angell frees you from an host of men.

The Angel descends, as the King enters, who comes in with his Lords, Epidophorus, *and the Clowne.*

King. Where is this piece of witchcraft?
Epid. 'Tis vanish'd Sir.

Clowne.

Clowne. 'Twas here, just at the Caves mouth, where shee lyes.

Anton. What manner of thing was it?

Epid. An admirable face, and when it sung
All the Clowds danc't methought above our heads.

Clowne. And all the ground under my heeles quak't like a Bogge.

King. Deluded slaves, these are turn'd Christians too.

Epid. The prisoners in my Iayle will not say so.

Clowne. Turnd Christians? it has ever beene my profession to sang and clutch, and to squeeze: I was first a Varlet, then a Bumbaily, now an under Iailor turn'd Christian?

King. Breake up the Iron passage of the Cave,
And if the sorceresse lives, teare her in pieces.

The Angel ascends agen.

Epid. See, 'tis come agen.

King. It staggers me.

Omnes. Amazement; looke to the King.

Angel Sings.

Shee comes, she comes, shee comes:
No banquets are so sweete as Martyrdomes:
She comes.

Angel descends.

Anton. 'Tis vanish'd Sir agen.

Dam. Meere Negromancy.

Cosmo. This is the apparition of some divell,
Stealing a glorious shape, and cryes, she comes.

Clowne. If all divels were no worse, would I were amongst 'em.

King.

King. Our power is mockt by magicall impostures,
They shall not mocke our tortures: let *Eugenius*
And *Bellizarius* fright away these shadowes,
Rung from sharpe tortures; drag them hither.
Epid. To th' stake?
Clowne. As Beares are?
King. And upon your lives,
My longings feast with her, though her base limbes
Be in a thousand pieces.
Clowne. She shall be gathred up. *Exit* Epid. *and* Clowne.

Victoria *rises out of the cave white.*

Vict. What's the Kings will? I am here—
Are your tormentors ready to give battaile?
I am ready for them, and though I lose
My life, hope to winne the day.
King. What art thou?
Vict. An armed Christian.
King. What's thy name?
Vict. *Victoria*;
In my name there's conquest writ;
I therefore feare no threatnings; but pray,
That thou maist dye a good King.
Omnes. This is not she Sir.
King. It is; but on her brow some Deity sits:
What are those Fayries dressing up her haire,
Whilst sweeter spirits dancing in her eyes,
Bewitcheth me to them?

Enter Epidophorus, Bellizarius, Eugenius, *and Clowne.*

Oh *Victoria*, love me,
And see thy Husband, now a slave, whose life
Hangs at a needles poynt, shall live, so thou
Breath but the doome.
Trayters, what sorcerous hand

Has built upon this inchantment of a Christian,
To make me doat upon the beauty of it?
How comes she to this habite?
Went she thus in?

Epid. No Sir, mine owne hands stript her into rags.

Clowne. For any meat shee has eaten, her face needes not make you doate, and for cleane linnen, Ile sweare, it was not brought into the Iaile, for there they scorne to shift once a weeke.

King. Bellizarius,
Woo thy wife that she would love me,
And thou shalt live.

Bel. I will — *Victoria,*
By all those chaste fires kindled in our bosomes,
Through which pure love shin'd on our marriage night;
Nay with a holier conjuration,
By all those thornes and bryers which thy soft feet
Tread boldly on, to finde a path to heaven,
I begge of thee, even on my knee I beg,
That thou wouldst love this King, take him byth' hand,
Warme his in thine, and hang about his necke,
And seale tenne thousand kisses on his cheeke,
So he will tread his false gods under foote.

Omnes. Oh horrible!

King. Bring tortures.

Bel. So he will wash his soule white as we doe,
And fight under our Banner, (bloody red)
And hand in hand with us walke martyred.

Anton. They mocke you.

King. Stretch his body up byth' armes,
And at his feete hang plummets,

Clowne. He shall bee well shod for stroveling I warrant you.

Cosmo. Eugenius, bow thy knee before our *Love,*
And the King gives thee mercy.

Dam. Else stripes and death.

Eugen. We come into the world but at one doore,
But twenty thousand gates stand open wide,
To give us passage hence: death then is easie,
And I defie all tortures.

King. There fasten the Cative;
I care not for thy wife:
Get from mine eye, thou tempting *Lamia*:
But *Bellizarius*, before thy bodyes
Frame be puld in pieces, and every
Limbe dis-joynted, wilt thou forsake
The errours thou art drencht in?

Bel. Errours?
Thou blasphemous and godlesse man,
From the great *Axis* maist thou as easie, with one arme,
Plucke the Universall Globe,
As from my Center move me——
There's my figure, they are waves
That beat a rocke insensible,
With an infatigable patience
My breast dares all your arrowes; shoote—shote all;
Your tortures are but struck against the wall;
Which, backe rebounding, hit your selves.

King. Up with him.

Bel. Lay on more waights:
That hangman which more brings,
Addes active feathers to my soaring wings,

They draw him up.

King. Victoria yet save him.

Vict. Keepe on thy flight,
And be a bird of Paradise.

Omnes. Give him more Irons.

Bel. More, more.

King. Let him then goe:
Live thou, and be my Queene.
Daine but to love me.

Vict. I am going to live with a farre greater King,

King. Binde the coy ſtrumpet, ſhe dyes too.
Let her braines be beaten on an Anvill:
For ſome new plagues for her.
Omnes. Vexe him.
Bel. Doe more.
Vict. Heaven pardon you.
Eugen. And ſtrengthen him in all his ſufferings.

Two Angels deſcend.

2. Angel Sings.

Come, oh come, oh come away,
A Quire of Angels for thee ſtay:
A Kome where Diamonds borrow light,
Open ſtands for thee this night.
Night, no, no, here is ever day,
Come, oh come, oh come, oh come away.

1 *Ang.* This battaile is thy laſt, fight well, and winne
A Crowne ſet full of Starres.
Bel. I ſpy an arme plucking up to heaven:
More waights you are beſt,
I ſhall be gone elſe.
Vict. Doe, Ile follow thee.
King. Is he not yet diſpatcht?
Belliz. Yes King, I thanke thee;
I have all my life time trod on rotten ground,
And ſtill ſo deepe beene ſinking,
That my ſoule was oft like to bee loſt;
But now I ſee a guide, ſweete guide,
A bleſſed meſſenger, who having
Brought me up a little way

Up

Up yonder hill, I there am sure to buy,
For a few stripes here, rich eternity.

2 Angel Sings.

Victory, victory, hell is beaten downe,
The Martyr has put on a golden Crowne;
Ring Bels of Heaven, him welcome hither,
Circle him Angels round together.

1 *Ang.* Follow.
Vict. I will:
What sacred voyce cryes follow?
I am ready: Oh send me after him.
King. Thou shalt not,
Till thou hast fed my lust.
Vict. Thou foole thou canst not;
All my mortality is shaken off,
My heart of flesh and blood is gone,
My body is chang'd, this face
Is not that once was mine;
I am a Spirit, and no racke of thine
Can touch me.
King. Not a racke of mine shall touch thee:
Why should the world loose such
A paire of Sunnes as shine out from
Thine eyes: why art thou cruell to make away
Thy selfe, and murther mee?
Since whirle-winds cannot shake thee,
Thou shalt live, and Ile fanne gentle
Gales upon thy face: fetch me a day bed,
Rob the earths perfumes of all
The ravishing sweetes, to feast her sence;

Pillowes of roſes ſhall beare up her head:
O would a thouſand ſprings might grow in one,
To weave a flowry mantle o're her limbes,
As ſhe lyes downe.

Entet two Angels about the bed.

Vill. Oh that ſome rocke of Ice,
Might fall on me, and freeze me into nothing.
King. Enchant our eares with Muſicke: *Muſicke.*
Would I had skill to call the winged
Muſitians of the aire into theſe roomes,
They all ſhould play to thee,
Till golden ſlumbers danc'd upon thy browes,
Watching to cloſe thine eye-lids.
Ang. Theſe Starres muſt ſhine no more; ſoule flye away:
Tyrant enjoy but a cold lumpe of clay.
King. My charmes worke,
Shee ſleepes, and lookes more lovely
Now ſhe ſleepes, againſt ſhe wakes:
Invention grow thou poore, ſtudying
To finde a banquet, which the gods might
Be invited to: I need not court her now
For a poore kiſſe; her lips are friendly now,
And with the warme breath ſweeting
All the Aire draw mee thus to them——ha!
The lips of Winter
Are not ſo cold.
Anton. She's dead Sir.
King. Dead?
Dam. As frozen as if the North-winde had in ſpight
Snatcht her hence from you.
King. Oh I have murthered her:
Perfumes, ſome creature kill:
She has ſo long in that darke Dungeon
Suck'd peſtiferous breath, the ſweete has

Stifled

Stifled her: take hence the body;
Since me it hated, it shall feele my hate:
Cast her into the fire, I have lost her,
And for her sake all Christians shall be lost,
That subjects are to me: massacre all:
But thou, *Eugenius*, art the last shall fall
This day: and in mine eye, though it nere see more,
Call on thy helper which thou dost adore.

A Thunder-bolt strikes him.

Omnes. The King is strucke with thunder.
Eugen. Thankes Divine Powers,
Yours be the triumph, and the wonder ours.
Anton. Unbinde him, till a new King fill the Throne;
And he shall doome him.
A *Hubert*, a *Hubert*, a *Hubert*.

Flourish: Enter Hubert *armed with shields, and swords,* Bellina, *and a company of Souldiers with him.*

Hub. What meanes this cry, a *Hubert*?
Where's your King?
Omnes. Strucke dead by thunder.
Hub. So I heare:
You see then there is an arme more
Rigorous than your *love*; an arme
Stretcht from above to beate downe Gyants,
The mightiest Kings on earth, for all their
Shoulders carry *Colossi* heads:
The memory of *Genzericks* name dyes here:
Henricke, gives burial to the
Successive glory of that race,
Who had both voyce and title to the Crowne,
And meanes to guard it: who must now be King?
Anton. We know not, till we call the Lords together.

Hub.

Hub. What Lords?
Cosm. Our selves and others.
Hub. Who makes you Lords?
The Tree upon whose boughs your honours grew;
Your Lordships and your lives
Is falne to th' ground.
Dam. We stand on our owne strength.
Hub. Who must be King?
Within. A *Hubert*, a *Hubert*, a *Hubert*.
Hub. Deliver to my hand that reverent man.
Epid. Take him, and torture him,
For he cald downe vengeance
On *Henricks* head.
Eugen. 'Twas his owne blacke soule that cald it;
'Twas thou that caldst it.
Hub. Good *Eugenius*, lift thy hands up,
For thou art sav'd from *Henricks*,
And from these: you heare what ecchoes
Rebound from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Casting the name of King onely on me.
This golden Apple is a tempting fruit;
It is within my reach: this sword can touch it,
And lop the weake branch off, on which it hangs:
Which of you all would spurne at such a Starre,
Lay it i'th dust, when 'tis let downe from heaven?
For him to weare?
Anton. Who then must weare that Starre?
Within. Hubert, Hubert, Hubert.
Hub. The Oracle tels yon;
Oracle, 'tis a voyce from above
Tels you; for the peoples tongues,
When they pronounce good things, are ty'd to chaines
Of twenty thousand linkes; which chaines are held
By one supernall hand, and cannot speake,
But what that hand will suffer: I have then
The people on my side, I have the souldiers,

I have

I have that army which your rash young King
Had bent against the Christians, they now are mine:
I am the Center, and they all are lines
Meeting in me; if therefore these strong sinewes,
The Souldiers and the Commons have a vertue
To lift me into the Throne, Ile leape into it:
Will you consent, or no; be quick in answer;
I must be swift in execution else.

Omnes. Let us consult.

Hub. Doe, and doe't quickly.

Eugen. O noble Sir, if you be King, shoot forth
Bright as a Sunne-beame, and dry up these vapours
That choake this kingdome; dry the seas of blood,
Flowing from Christians, and drinke up the teares
Of those alive, halfe slaughter'd in their feares.

Hub. Father Ile not offend you; have you done?
So long chusing one Crowne?

Anton. Let Drums and Trumpets proclaime
Hubert our King.

Omnes. Sound Drummes and Trumpets.

Hub. I have it then as well by voyce as sword;
For should you hold it backe it would be mine:
I claime it then by conquest, fields are wonne
By yeelding, as by stroakes; yet noble *Vandals*,
I will lay by the Conquest, and acknowledge,
That your hands and your hearts the pinacles are,
On which my greatnesse mounts unto this height;
And now in sight of you and heaven I sweare,
By those new sacred fires kindled within me,
'Tis not your hope of Gold my brow desires;
A thronging Court to me is but a Cell:
These popular acclamations, which thus dance
I'th Aire, should passe by me, as whistling windes
Playing with leaves of trees: I'me not ambitious
Of Titles glorious, and majesticall;
But what I doe is to save blood, save you:

I meane to be a husband for you all,
And fill you all with riches.
Epid. 'Tis that we thirst for,
For all our bagges are emptied in these warres,
Rais'd by seditious Christians.
Hub. Peace thou foole;
They are not bags of gold, that melts in fire,
Which I will fill your coffers with, my treasury
Are riches for your soules, my armes are spread,
Like wings, to protect Christians; what have you done?
Proclaim'd a Christian King? and Christian Kings
Should not be bloody.
Omnes. How? turn'd Christian?
Eugen. O blest King, happy day.
Omnes. Must we forsake our gods then?
Hub. Violent streames
Must not bee stopt by violence; there's an art
To meete, and put by the most boysterous wave:
'Tis now no policy for you to murmure,
Nor will I threaten: a great counsell by you
Shall straight be cal'd, to set this frame in order
Of this great state.
Omnes. To that we all are willing.
Hub. Are you then willing this noble maid
Shall be me Queene?
Omnes. With all our hearts.
Hub. By no hand but by thine will we be Crown'd:
Come my *Bellina*.
Bel. Your vow is past to me, that I should ever
Preserve my Virgin honour, that you would never
Tempt me unto your bed.
Hub. That vow I keepe:
I vow'd so long as my knees bow'd to *Iove*,
To let you be your selfe: But excellent Lady,
I now am seal'd a Christian, as you are;
And you have sworne oft, that when upon my fore-head

That

That glorious Starre was ſtucke, you would be mine
In holy wedlocke; come ſweete, you and I
Shall from our loynes produce a race of Kings,
And ploughing up falſe gods ſet up one true:
Chriſtians unborne, crowning both me and you
With praiſe, as now with gold.

Bel. A fortunate day;
A great power prompts me on, and I obey. *Flouriſh.*

Omnes. Long live *Hubert* and *Bellina*, King and Queene
Of *Goths* and *Vandals*.

Hub. Two royall Iewels you give me, this, and this.
Father your hand is lucky, I am covetous
Of one Gift more; after your ſacred way
Make you this Queene a wife; our Coronation
Is turnd into a bridall.

Omnes. All joy and happineſſe.

Hub. To guard your lives will I lay out mine owne,
And like Vines plant you round about my throne.

The end of the fift and laſt Act.

To the Reader of this Play now come in Print.

THat this play's old, 'tis true; but now if any
Should for that cauſe deſpiſe it, we have many
Reaſons, both juſt and pregnant, to maintaine
Antiquity, and thoſe too, not all vaine.
We know (and not long ſince) there was a time,
Strong lines were not lookt after; but if Rime,
O then 'twas excellent: who but beleeves,
That Doublets with ſtuft bellies, and big ſleeves,
And thoſe Trunck-hoſe, which now our Age doth ſcorne,
Were all in faſhion, and with cuſtome worne:
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,
But it may come in faſhion, and ſute well?
With rigour therefore judge not, but with reaſon,
Since what you read was fitted to that ſeaſon.

The

The Epilogue.

As in a Feast, so in a Comedy,
Two Sences must be pleas'd, in both the Eye.
In Feasts, the Eye and Taste must be invited,
In Comedies, the Eye and Eare delighted:
And he that onely seekes to please but either,
While both he doth not please, he pleaseth neither:
What ever Feast, could every guest content:
When as t'each man, each Taste is different?
But lesse a Scene, where nought, but as 'tis newer,
Can please, where Guests are more, and Dishes fewer:
Yet in this thought, this thought the Author eas'd;
Who once made all, all rul's, all never pleas'd:
Faine would we please the best, if not the many,
And sooner will the best be pleas'd, then any:
Our rest we set in pleasing of the best:
So we wish you, what you may give us: Rest.

FINIS.

1610
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